

827

R72g

MR. BROWN

ON THE GOINGS ON OF

MRS. BROWN.



LONDON: JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 & 75, PICCADILLY.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.
CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.
CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague.
CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.
CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.
CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, etc.

From Lord FRANCIS CONYNNGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal, 11th Dec. 1868.

"Lord Francis Conyngham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE." See *Lancet*, Dec. 1, 1864.

From W. VESALIUS PETTIGREW, M.D., Hon. F.R.C.S. England;

Formerly Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at St. George's School of Medicine.

"I have no hesitation in stating, after a fair trial of Chlorodyne, that I have never met with any Medicine so efficacious as an Anti-Spasmodic and Sedative. I have used it in Consumption, Asthma, Diarrhoea, and other diseases, and am most perfectly satisfied with the results."

From JOHN E. GOULSTONE, M.D., late Principal Surgeon to the Steamship "Great Eastern."

"I can confidently state that Chlorodyne is an admirable Sedative and Anti-Spasmodic, having used it in Neuralgia, Hysteria, Asthma, and Consumption, with remarkable and favourable results. It relieved a fit of Asthma in four minutes, where the patient had suffered eleven years in a most distressing manner, no previous remedy having had so immediate and beneficial an effect."

From Dr. B. J. BOUTON & Co., Hordcastle.

"We have made pretty extensive use of Chlorodyne in our practice lately, and look upon it as an excellent direct Sedative and Anti-Spasmodic. It seems to allay pain and irritation in whatever organ, and from whatever cause. It induces a feeling of comfort and quietude not obtainable by any other remedy, and it seems to possess this great advantage over all other Sedatives, that it leaves no unpleasant after effects."

J. C. BAKER, Esq., M.D., Bideford.

"It is, without doubt, the most valuable and *certain* Anodyne we have."

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, Freeman, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—see *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each Bottle.

SOLE MANUFACTURER—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-stre
Bloomsbury, London.

“THAT REMINDS ME.”

Mr. Hotten has a favour to ask of those amongst his good friends who may find entertainment in his little books of humour. Will they send him any witticism, mirthful anecdote, or “good story” which they may think deserving of preservation? Wit and humour are of no particular locality; they are found in the oddest places, and often occur when least expected. Good jokes are not made to order. The only thing that can be done is to collect them whenever they may occur.

“THAT REMINDS ME” are the first words with which many a good story has been “capped,” or seconded, by one still better. Perhaps the book now in the reader’s hand may suggest something of the kind. Will that reader kindly send on his contribution to

74, Piccadilly,

London.

If used a copy of the book will be sent to the contributor. Please remember that "Brevity is the soul of wit."

This anecdote, just received from a lady, is not a bad one:—

"There was a report once that an earthquake was about to visit a certain part of the country. A Paterfamilias, becoming concerned for the safety of his boys, sent them to a friend living at a distance. The day of the expected earthquake passed by without result, and still the frightened inhabitants looked for it. One morning, Paterfamilias received a note from his distant friend to this effect: 'Dear ——, send down the earthquake to us, and take away your boys.'"

THE GOINGS ON OF
M^{R. S.} BROWN

AT THE

TICHBORNE TRIAL

AND IN HER OWN FAMILY;

WITH

THE SAD END OF THE UNFORT'NATE LADY
THRO' A' WRITIN' OF BOOKS.



BY

MR. BROWN,

Once a light-hearted happy waiter, now a blighted husband.

LONDON :

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 & 75, PICCADILLY.

827

R 72g

JUST A FEW WORDS.

Carbena 28 Feb 57
WHEN I wrote this book to put down the goings on of my wife, Mrs. BROWN, I was anxious to do it in my own way, in which, though there may be no book-learning, there is nothing I ought to be ashamed of considering my station. As a rule I have too much to do to be able to afford the time to spell badly. But the printer, as soon as the first pages came into his hands, told me they would never answer. "If you mean to reprimand Mrs. BROWN," he said, "you must get a wide circulation; and if you want a wide circulation in these days, you must take liberties with the dictionary and the grammar. The public has grown tired of common English. That may be all very well for treatises and such like, in which you address yourself to a few choice spirits; but if you mean to reach the many, you must adopt the lingo which is now fashionable among them—in short, Mr. BROWN, you must drop your h's, and leave out the last letters of your words. You may then be considered funny, and without the appearance of fun you cannot get a hearing."

James Ray 3 Dec 56 Newham
 I asked him what was to be done.

"Send your manuscript in to us," said he, "written in your own manner, and give us leave to weed it of the grammar. We have printed some of your wife's works,

and we know exactly what is wanted. We have an expert hand on the premises who has read her proofs, and who shall look over yours."

The work they sent back to me under this arrangement was as puzzling as a foreign language, and I couldn't read it—not more than a dozen words in a page being spelt as they should be.

The printer was delighted with it. "I think I can promise you a large sale in England," he said; "and at the same time by binding some copies in such a manner that they read upside-down, we shall be able to announce a 'Welsh translation,' the resemblance to that language being perfect when the work is topsy-turvy."

I made a stout fight for my view of the case, and at last we ended in a kind of give-and-take understanding. He was to be allowed to "beautify" 75 per cent of the book, and for the other 25 it was to be handed over to me to be "barbarised" into good spelling as I saw fit; and each was to do his share of the work in each page.

I can truly and honourably say that I have tried to cheat him as often as I could, and have slipped in many a word when I have thought he wasn't looking. This may account for the patchworkiness of the style as to spelling and all the rest of it.

I have only to say in conclusion, that I hope the book is bad enough to deserve an extensive circulation, although I have amended it so much as to make it, I fear, quite unfit for the Welsh market.

B.

MRS. BROWN & HER GOINGS ON.

THIS is a 'umble book, written in all 'umble-ness by one who is no penman, though having been a waiter for many years on the best of carriage company as a extra, and formerly as a footman in regular service.

It is a 'umble petition to the public to protect the undersigned against my wife, Mrs. BROWN, which has taken to writing books, nothing of the sort having been known in our family before.

In addressing the public in this way I do not wish to be considered forward. I know my duty to my betters, and of course every one is my betters, or may be so, at a public table, except scum which never receive invitations and cannot read or write.

I shall speak with all civility and submissiveness, and the same can be guaranteed to any one requiring my services for the night, and provide my own gloves and dress-clothes for five-and-sixpence

all included, the plate to be counted before I leave the house.

I should not have spoke of this, only that my wife in all her writings has never thought fit to put in a good word for me, but besides deceiving the public as to my profession, has given them a idea that I swear.

Will nobody put a stop to the cackle of this infernal old woman? leastways, I mean my dear wife's goings-on is very unpleasant to me—not wishing to commit myself to any expression that might be considered offensive to carriage company, which of course does not like to see themselves imitated by servants in any way even by using bad language. Will nobody ask her not to write no more books?

I have asked her myself often and often, but she makes light of my remarks and treats them in a flighty way; and the other day when I hid her writing materials, scratched my face and deprived me of my engagement at a house at which I have waited constant for thirteen years, on birthdays and anniversaries, through being suspected of drunkenness and fighting the night before.

There is no protection for me at home, so I am driven and goaded to ask for help out of doors.

Mrs. BROWN is a nuisance to me—I hope there

is no offence in the word—and she is likewise also a nuisance to the public: in the 'umble hopes of curing her, I have therefore made up my mind to hold up her doings to scorn.

I am told, also, that she writes very bad grammar.

If Mrs. B. writes another book I shall put her in a madhouse, and she is sure to write another.

When I was married to her, ever so many years ago, I had no idea of it.

She never sent me any love letters, and her valentines was all spelt for her by the printer, which was false pretences if the law would allow you to get a divorce for that.

In our early years she washed principally, and did not do much with her pen, except in making out the bills, when for the first time I discovered that she spelt "soks" with a x.

But this did not alter my respect for her, for, being 'umble people, I do not hold with our writing as well as the gentry, and perhaps I make some mistakes myself.

In many families she got up the linning, and I waited on the people as wore it, and can truly say they looked like the driven snow, for in those days she did good work in the inside of the tub, and had not yet got outside of it to spout to the world.

Though only a waiter, I am also a Buffalo—belonging I mean to a club of that name for receiving a benefit after my death.

I joined the club principally for the sake of Mrs. B., and cheerful and happy nights they was when I went down once a month to pay the subscription towards my funeral expenses.

Ah! people talk about the miseries of the poorer classes, but why need they be miserable when such things as this is open to them, for it is a beautiful and consoling thought that no matter how hard you have to live, threepence a week will see you comfortably buried.

I rose in that club, and became secretary, and afterwards treasurer, and I am now a P.G.M.B.C. A 1.

I say this with thanksgiving, but without pride.

I do not put these letters on my cards, because it would make me look too much of a gentleman, which I know I have no right to be. No: the only motto on them pieces of pasteboard is "Carpets beat," which I hope I may use without offence, as such is my intention.

Our life was very happy then.

By eight o'clock Mrs. B. had finished her day's work, beat the children—when they wanted it, and put 'em to bed; and if I was not engaged for the

evening we had supper at nine, and read a public print till bedtime.

As for her, she had so little idea of writing for such things herself, that she did not know the articles was produced by pen and ink at all, but thought they was done by machinery.

I said nothing on the subject, for I do not hold with women having too much learning; and it was quite enough for me that she knew that dinners did not cook themselves.

She was a good wife, I repeat it, and a good mother; and for five-and-twenty years all the gallivantin' she did was a occasional Lord Mayor's Show.

But what a change since she became a author!

On five days out of the seven I have to make the beds myself; and I am often obliged to be up with the lark to peel the potatoes, so as to be able to get on with my regular employment during the day.

The dresser, which used to be so white and beautiful, is now littered all over with ink-pots and stumps of quill pens, besides being covered with blots, Mrs. B. having made it what she calls her study table.

Her habits is dreadful, for she is always "composing," as she calls it—even at meals—and she will sometimes sit for hours together and never speak a word.

She gets up at three in the afternoon without putting on her stays, and in a very short time she is as black with ink-spots as a Injun slave.

I had always thought that writing was a clean business — and so it may be for them as is brought up to it, and have learned to use their blotting-paper, and to keep their hands off the nib of their pen.

But my wife doesn't know how to use her tools. When she has put down anything she doesn't approve of, she smears it out with her finger, and then wipes her finger on her hair.

Likewise she snorts when she writes.

If this is the life of everybody as has a wife that makes books, all I can say is that I am sorry for them from the bottom of my heart; though perhaps, being my betters, I should also say that they have my respect.

When she is not writing she is looking up at the ceiling, and rolling her eyes, searching, as she says, for ideas; though I am sure there is nothing but a fly-cage.

And if the ideas wont come, she drinks out of a bottle, which certainly acts like steam upon her pen, though it makes her abusive in private life.

She says that they all do it, and that it is impossible to compose any great work without it;

but I want to know if the world wouldn't be better for the loss of such work if there's no other way of getting it done.

The use of books—if they are of any use at all—is to guide you to what you are to do in real life; and how can anybody show the way with their thoughts fixed on a sham life of their own?

If “Bradshaw's Guide” was to do it, where would the trains be?

I mentioned this to her once; and she said there was no fancy or feeling of imagination in that book. But then what's the good of these things if you can't work 'em out like anything else?

If you must get tipsy before you can laugh or cry, isn't it better not to do neither of 'em, but to stick to waiting at table?

Your betters may take too much if they like, but then they can afford to spend their time without profit, which is their rights.

It's not for 'umble people as have got to get through the world as they can.

I don't like Mrs. BROWN.

And the way she puts me down whenever I speak! I am sure you would think I was the babe unborn.

She has got that vain through people reading

her nonsense—which I must call it so—that if I open my mouth to make a remark, she puts me in my place as if I was a countryman or a fool.

It all begun with a literary gent coming to lodge at our house, when we put a bill in the window for the second floor.

I didn't like the looks of him when he knocked at the door. No more did she, but he had such a way of talking that we thought it must be all right.

"I'm eccentric, Mr. Brown," he says, when he caught me a looking at his shabby clothes; and shabby to be sure they was, and looked as if it was very long ago since they hadn't been paid for.

He said he had been living in Pall Mall, but found the place too much exposed to the east wind; and he was very anxious to know if our house was built on a gravelly soil, as clay give him the rheumatics.

I had never been asked such a question before, and I hardly knew what to answer; when he looked at Mrs. Brown, with the remark, that her blooming face was a guarantee for the 'elthiness of the locality.

After that, when I happened to whisper to her that I felt uneasy about the state of his boots, she

turned as snappish on me as if I had been running down her own son ; and I thought it best, for the sake of peace and quietness, to leave her to settle the matter for herself.

“ He’s a real gentleman,” says she, when she come down afterwards to tell me she had let the room. “ I asked him seven shillings, and he offered me eight, and we’re to wash him besides.”

“ I wish you may get the seven,” says I ; “ and as for the washing——”

“ As for the washing, BROWN,” says she, catching me up, “ there it is—will that satisfy you?”

And she threw down a crumpled dickey, which he had brought out of his tail coat pocket.

“ There isn’t much of it,” was all I ventured to remark, seeing the state she was in.

“ As for that,” says she, “ he has left the rest of his things in Poland, where he has been travelling lately ; and they are coming over by the boat. He has promised to board with the family”—she also observed—“ except his dinners, which he takes at his club.”

I give you my word that when he came again in the evening, the only luggage he produced was a newspaper, and some bits of greasy paper and strips of black, on which he said he was in the habit of writing his works.

He put these very carefully on the table, ate a hearty supper, treated us all to something 'ot, which he ordered to be put down in the bill, and then asked for the latch-key, and said he was going out for a stroll.

We heard nothing more of him till three o'clock in the morning, when he walked heavily upstairs, and knocked at our door to know if we could lend him a copy of the Works of Josefus.

I said I didn't know where to lay my hand on such a thing at the moment, when he made the observation, that a tumbler would do as well.

I really don't think he knew what he was saying of, and I mentioned my opinion to Mrs. B., but she only gave me hard words for it, and told me it was very likely something connected with his studies.

He then fell down overhead.

It was really a curiosity to notice the way he talked to Mrs. BROWN. Not to speak of his compliments about her looks, whenever she made a remark, he said he had never heard the like of it before in all his travels; and then he would take the liberty to poke me in the ribs, and tell me I was lucky in having such a wife.

He likewise said that her conversation was so improving that he had denied himself the

pleasure of his dinner at the club to hear more of it; and so he took all his meals with us.

It was 'ot meat every day; and often and often have I pretended that I was under the advice of the club doctor not to touch it, so as to have a excuse for clearing off some of the cold remainder.

Yet nothing seemed to open the eyes of Mrs. B.

His habits was extrordinary—if I was not a waiter I should venture to call them outrageous.

He never got up till the middle of the day, and then he breakfasted on cold whisky and water, scarcely ever touching solid food till dinner-time. He likewise borrowed my shirts and my razor; his own, he said, being still detained in Poland through the stupidity of the Custom-house officials.

At the end of the first week he said he would pay by the month, as he did not like to be always making up his accounts; and at the end of the month he asked me if I could cash a cheque for 5*cl.*, which, as I didn't happen to have the money in the house, he told me the next night he had been robbed of it in a crowd.

He then ate as usual, very hearty, and before going to bed asked me to be sure and call him if I heard of a fire.

His taste for fires and inquests was astonishing;

and whenever there was one of the former in our neighbourhood he seemed to smell it of himself, and would get up in the middle of the night to go to it, which he said was his living.

I didn't know what he meant, till one day there was a bit of a upset in our place through the kitchen chimney catching while a chop was being done for his dinner.

Of course there was a crowd of idle boys round the door in a minute ; but I put it out through a wet blanket on the roof in no time, after closing the windows and doors, which Mrs. B. threw open in a fluster as soon as she saw the flames.

Mr. FLIMSY—that was our lodger's name—took it wonderful cool, but all as he did to help me was to advise me to let the thing take its course ; and at the same time he sit himself down at the table, and began a writing on his greasy bits of paper like mad, first asking me my age, profession, the number of my grandchildren, and the office in which I was insured.

I hardly know what I told him, in my hurry to get to the roof, and I had hardly got there when he put his head through the trap and asked me if there was “ any further particulars.”

“ Yes,” says I, thinking he had come to help one ; “ another bucket of water, please.”

“Where do you get your water from?” says he.

“From the tap,” says I; “look sharp.”

“No; I mean what’s the name of your company?” says he, still writing on the crown of his hat.

I’m afraid I might have been violent with him, only at that moment a neighbour handed me the water from the next roof.

When I got downstairs the firemen was hammering at the door, but it was all over, and I was spared that expense.

The damage was nothing to speak of. A old carpet before the fireplace was singed with a bit of the ’ot soot; a little water had found its way down the chimney, and made a puddle on the floor; a picture of myself, cut out in black paper at Greenwich Fair, had got fell down from a ’ook near the fireplace, and lost its frame; and a old earthenware teapot, which Mrs. B. had knocked off the table in her flurry, had lost its spout.

The knives and forks had been swept off with it, but the clatter helped to bring her to her senses, and she had picked ’em all up again and put them on the dresser when I got downstairs again.

It didn’t last over half an hour from first to last, and five minutes after the old one-horse engine had

drove off again with the boys a hooraying behind it, the street was as quiet as ever.

But the next morning, when I was sitting down to breakfast, Mrs. B. comes up to me, looking as proud as a peacock with a newspaper in her hand, quite contrary to her usual habits; and says she, "Read that," pointing to a paragraph in the corner.

You might have felled me with a feather, for this was what it said—

At an early hour yesterday afternoon the inhabitants of Chiswell-street* were thrown into a state of considerable alarm by the outbreak of what threatened to be a tremendous conflagration on the premises of Mr. Brown, a gentleman whose name is well known in connexion with the *fêtes* at the houses of the nobility and gentry. It seems that while the mid-day meal of the family was being prepared in the usual manner, some oleaginous substance which formed a portion of it found its way into the fire. The fireplace was fitted with a single range, cast in the well known foundry of Baker & Co., and set by Mr. Spriggs, bricklayer, of 13, Pleasant-row, in a manner which gave great satisfaction to the family. Notwithstanding this, however, the devouring element spread rapidly, and in a short time the flames accompanied by dense volumes of smoke were seen shooting out of the roof, whence they were visible for miles around. The fire brigade, under the orders of Sub-station Inspector Smart and Mr. W. Figgs, were quickly on the spot, together with the representatives of the London Salvage Corps, under Mr. Wiggins, and a plentiful supply of water was at once obtained from the mains of the New River Water Company. At this moment the scene was awfully grand. A dense crowd had assembled in front of the house, and the utmost anxiety was expressed as to the fate of the inmates, and especially of Mrs. Brown, who

* Where we was living at the time.

is a universal favourite in the neighbourhood. Thanks to the admirable presence of mind of this lady, and to the exertions of the firemen, aided by police-constable 555, K, the devouring element was restrained in its ravages, Mrs. Brown having co-operated with those who were working at the seat of its origin. The damage done was, however, considerable. A valuable half-length portrait of Mr. Brown, by Stokes, suffered serious, and it is to be feared, irreparable injury, and a magnificent Turkey carpet was severely burnt. A choice China tea-service was almost entirely destroyed, and the whole of the plate from the well known emporium of Briggs & Co. would inevitably have shared the same fate had not Mrs. Brown, at the imminent risk of her life, rushed into the burning apartment and conveyed it to a place of safety. The house was insured in the Phoenix, but though the inmates will doubtless be fully compensated by this excellent office for the material damage they have sustained, they have experienced some losses which cannot be repaired, the tea-service having, we believe, been a heirloom in the family for generations.

“Whoever did this?” I said to Mrs. BROWN as soon as I had recovered breath.

“Who should have done it,” said she, “but Mr. FLIMSY, our lodger, as I knowed the moment I set my eyes on him was a perfect gentleman in spite of some people’s suspicions of their betters.”

“Mrs. BROWN,” I ventured to remark, “it’s all lies from beginning to end : the teapot wasn’t worth two-pence, and for the valuable Turkey carpet, you know yourself it was never nothing better than a old Kidderminster remnant which would never have fetched more than 2s. 6d. if it was to save our lives.”

“Abuse them you get your bread by—go on,” says

she, but at this moment Mr. FLIMSY walked into the room, contrary to his usual habit at that hour of the morning, and taking out his greasy writing things, asked me if there was "any further particulars" for the evening papers.

"Not wishing to say anything undutiful sir, or above my station," I remarked, "I think there has been particulars enough already.

"The things you wrote about didn't happen nearly so bad as you was good enough to suppose. My portrait, which cost me sixpence when I bought it, is put in its frame again, and is as good as ever, and as for the knives and forks——"

"The plate service you mean," says my wife.

"Well, the plate service," says I—"they was never in any danger."

"Stop a minute," says he, scribbling all the while. "Is this it?" and then he began to read—

We are happy to be able to announce that the damage done by the recent conflagration in Chiswell-street was not so serious as we had at first been led to imagine. The valuable pictures belonging to Mr. Brown suffered no injury likely to be lasting, and the *chef d'œuvre* of the collection——

But I could not bear it no longer and I was obliged to leave the room, Mrs. BROWN still sitting there with her mouth open listening to his nonsense.

I was determined, if I may say so without being

forward, to get him out of the house, for it's dreadful to live with a man as can put you in the paper whenever he likes.

So I waited for him outside the door, and when we was alone I asked him if I might take the liberty of a instalment for his six weeks' board.

"The fact is, my excellent friend," he says, "I must plead guilty to the carelessness of my profession. Gold passes through my hands, but I cannot keep it. If you was both near me at the same time," he says, "*you* should have your share, but the fact is, when I'm in cash you are generally out of the way.

"Business has been very bad lately; the continual rains has made it almost impossible to keep a outdoor fire alight; and as to inquests, I don't know what's coming to the people: there hasn't been one in my district all this week. We must do something."

"Yes," I said, looking as full at him as I could, "something must be done."

"I had a idea" he said slowly, "but I don't know if it could be carried out. It would be firststrate if it could, but it would require your coöperation. We might make it a kind of partnership, Mr. BROWN, and your share of the profits would more than pay your bill."

I asked him what it might be?

“You see that beam,” he said, leading me to the washhouse; “and likewise this clothes-line. Now,” he says, “suppose you just playfully tie yourself up by the neck—just for a moment, you know—and then let me come in and cut you down.”

“What for, Mr. FLIMSY, sir?” says I, trembling in spite of myself.

“Why, don’t you see?” says he, winking and nudging me with his elbow, and at the same time producing forth his greasy writing paper—

*FRIGHTFUL ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE BY A
GENTLEMAN WHO HAD LOST HIS PRO-
PERTY IN A FIRE!*

It would make a beautiful line in the papers.”

Such was the viper I had taken into my house.

I mentioned the matter to my wife. She said it was a joke, and that persons who had their living to get by letting lodgings, ought not to be thin skinned.

From that day I began to hate the name of periodical literatoor.

It was this black-hearted impostor—I will not call him a gentleman—that first put the idea of going on so into the head of my wife. I have already spoke of his serpentine-like way of pretend-

ing to admire everything she said, but as I had always given her credit for common sense, I didn't think much about it at the time. But bit by bit it got so outrageous, that I couldn't shut my eyes to it no more.

It was particklar dreadful on Saturdays, when his bill was due; when he was in the habit of comparin' her to a modest primrose, and other foolish things as blooms in the valleys unseen.

"You ought, Mrs. BROWN," he used to say, sawin' with his hand, "you ought to take a position in the world of letters; you are a perfect *bell-espre*!"—(a French term), and then my unhappy partner would smirk at him, and try to say something clever, which he would laugh at it before it had left her lips.

At one time, for instance, sitting at tea together, the Father of Folly—I will not call him by his scriptural name—put it into her head to ask him a riddle to the following effect:—

"When is a door not a door?"

Now this is not a new riddle, for I have often asked it myself in infancy, and before I had to get my living and give up the pleasures of the world. But FLIMSY pretended not to know anything about it, and after guessing all sorts of answers but the

right one, he give it up, whereon my misguided wife replied—

“*When it’s a-jar.*”

Which I then remembered was the proper answer, alluding of course to a pitcher being understood.

MACFLIMSY—that was his full name through belonging to a clan—never left off laughing for five minutes ; and says he—

“Mrs. BROWN, you must permit me to make a note of that ; it is the most original, faskinating, humorous concoction of the brain that has ever come under my observation. But it must have taken you a long time to invent.”

“I only thought on it just now,” says she, with a simper.

“I *always did* like that riddle,” says I, by way of putting her down.

She bust into tears.

MACFLIMSY ordered some half-and-half to soothe her, at my expense ; which he finished hisself, finding that her tears continued to flow. It was a awkward pickle. I felt sorry I spoke.

“That’s right, BROWN,” says she ; “cut me down to the level of your own low natur ; deprive me of every chance of soarin’, and being a credit to you. Nip my infant numbers in the bud (play,

acting expression); trample on me, and deny me every pleasure. It will not be for long."

And she went on so for half an hour, that at last for peace and quietness I was prevaricated on to promise to take her to the play.

This was the unfortnit business of which she has since writ so false a account.

We went, and nothing pertickler occurred beyond her foolishness, which, if I had had a napkin with me I could have hid my face behind it for shame. Which feeling was continued next morning, when she too told the whole story to MACFLIMSY, who was takin' his usual light breakfast of spirits and tobacco, at my expense.

He laughed again—cawing, I calls it, like a rook. And why should I not, being in no ways beholden to him and never having taken a penny of his money in my life—and when he had finished, "Mrs. BROWN," he says, "you must write a book."

At the time I thought there was no meanin' in the words beyond another month's credit; but soon afterwards I began to notice a strange alteration in the habits of my wife, remaining frequently absent from her meals, and shut up for hours in her bedroom with no companion but a ink-pot and several copy-books ruled with text-hand lines. In the mornings she would hand the books to MACFLIMSY,

while his laughter grated on my ears like the upsetting of a tray.

I hope I may not be thought forward, but I couldn't abear that man, and at last, after weeks and weeks of this long agony of mysterious suspense, thinking perhaps that it was billy doos and a elopement, I deliberately got tipsy one night through drinking up all the leavings in the glasses at a party where I was engaged, and came home full of courage to have it out with MACFLIMSY.

His 'at was in the 'all. I threw it on the floor, meaning to jump on it, but it saved me the trouble by coiling up of itself like a wounded worm. I flew at his coat and shook it, when a saveloy rolled to the ground, wrapped up in a greasy bit of paper. I opened the door and hurled the food to the uttermost ends of the earth.

My blood was up.

I seized the paper, and was going to punish it in the same way, when my eye fell upon the writing at the bottom of it, and I sunk down on the stairs in a instant, sober but faint.

It was a receipt for a "bill delivered" to Mrs. BROWN, written in the hand of MACFLIMSY, as follers:—

MRS. BROWN TO SAWNEY MACFLIMSY.

	£	s.	d.
<i>To lessons for the improvement of your</i>			
<i>handwriting</i>	1	10	0
<i>To copy books for same</i>	0	5	0
<i>To general literary advice</i>	3	2	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>To altering, amending, correcting, re-</i>			
<i>vising your forthcoming "Papers" .</i>	1	5	0
<i>To touching up the character of Mrs.</i>			
<i>Challin and beautifying that of Mr.</i>			
<i>Brown, at 2s. 6d. an hour</i>	0	10	0
<i>To conversations with you for the im-</i>			
<i>provement of your mind, on the prin-</i>			
<i>ciple of payment by results</i>	0	1	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>To teaching you not to write on both sides</i>			
<i>of the paper, and to give your name</i>			
<i>and address, not necessarily for pub-</i>			
<i>lication, but as a guarantee of good</i>			
<i>faith</i>	2	14	9
<i>To advising you to put up with Mr.</i>			
<i>Brown (though a brute) a little while</i>			
<i>longer</i>	0	5	0
<i>Total</i>	9	13	4

Received in kind as follows on account :

	£	s.	d.
<i>Six weeks' lodging</i>	2	8	0
<i>Spirits</i>	1	19	10
<i>Board.</i>	4	5	0
<i>Washing—six fronts</i>	0	0	6
	<hr/>		
	8	13	4
<i>Balance due</i>	1	0	0
	<hr/>		
	9	13	4

SAWNEY MACFLIMSY.

For a few moments my behaviour was that of a child. I wept over my dress-front, and played antics with my few remaining 'airs.

For six weeks, then, this man had eat of my vittles and got drunk out of my cup, and the result was—a pound on account. Yes, after all my sufferings in pocket and in mind, he was in a position to summons *me* for twenty shillings and costs in the county court. And for what? For “altering, amending, correcting, revising your *forthcoming Papers.*”

I run upstairs to my bedroom more like a Otheller than a human being.

My wife was asleep, with a pen in her hear and

a ink-blot on the bridge of her nose ; likewise sweet visions was playing over her features, and she softly murmured—

“ Volume I.”

I shook her and held out the bill.

“ What is the meanin’ of these figurins ?” I asked, in the voice of a lion. “ One pound on account ?”

“ He ’as promised to take it out in vittles,” was all her reply.

I cannot paint the scene as followed. I haven’t the ’art to tell how, bit by bit, the ’orrid truth come out that she had writ a book, and that the last six weeks was his fees for ’elpin’ her to do it. This last blow was the worst of all—to have my name in print on the kiver of a work.

We have done many things for a living in our family—my father kep’ a stall, my mother used to dispose of bills of the play, but at least she sold the things as was printed on it, and didn’t write ’em herself. No, we had never come so low as that, as to do conjurin’ at fairs or to put our hands to paper for to earn our bread.

For days and days I walked the earth like a man in a trance, the sight of MACFLIMSY, which was poison to me, being always under my eyes.

At last, one morning, he walks in with a brown-

covered work of literatoor in his hand, and I knew as the worst was come.

“I have the honour, Mrs. BROWN,” says he, shaking her hand, “to give you a fellow-craftsman’s greeting.” And immediately after he added—“’Ot, if you please, with sugar,” alluding to his morning drink, and again sat down at my expense.

I opened the book. Alas! alas! I couldn’t have writ such a thing about my bitterest enemy as this foolish old woman had writ about herself—a reg’lar auctionneer’s catalogue of all the things she had ever done to be ashamed of in the whole course of her life. Her vulgar conduct at the Derby, her vilence at the Opera, her unbecomin’ behaviour at the monument, and her rudeness to the Dramatic Feat. And then, as for the langwidge of it!

“Why,” says I, “Martha, to begin with, it’s all spelt wrong.”

“That,” says MACFLIMSY, interruptin’, “is what we calls humour, Mr. BROWN. It’s a curus thing,” he went on, “but directly you put a letter out of its place, you get a genuinely comic effect. For instance, Bishop Butler’s Sermons is serious productions, but the edition I am about to publish of ’em, with the help of Mrs. BROWN, will be one of the most pleasin’ works of light reading of the

season. We have simply to make the verbs agree with one another's nominative cases, to have a work worthy of the author of the immortal 'Hudibras.' ”

“But she don't know no better, poor creetur,” says I; “she never could spell proper in her life.”

“Exactly so, Mr. BROWN,” says he. “With most of us in the profession this is what we calls literairy artifice, with her it is natur'—pure, unadulterated natur'—which makes it so much more beautiful and interestin'. Please to remark,” he says, “the secret of humour in the followin' passages. Let us,” he continued, in the way of a lecturer, “examine some parrygraph at random as illustratin' the spontaneyus graces of your wife's style. To begin with, Mr. BROWN, allow me to request your opinion of this remark:—

“‘The way in which I hurried through the operation of dressing nobody would credit, and I was in a great heat.’ ”

“I don't see nothing particklar funny in that,” says I.

“Exactly so,” he continued, “exactly so; but observe the marvellous power of humorous style as illustrated in your wife's treatment:—

“‘The way as I busted through dressing nobody

wouldn't credit, and the heat as I was in was downright wapour baths.'

"Here," he says, "'busted,' signifyin' 'to give way, to explode,' is finely substituted for 'bustled' or 'hurried' with the most pleasing results, and by a judicious use of the double negative the 'nobody wouldn't' becomes a sparkling epigram—'nobody wouldn't,' *i.e.* nobody would—which, as it were, asserts and contradicts at the same moment and with the same term. These touches, Mr. BROWN, is beyond the reach of art—nothing but the unsophisticated impulses of nature could do it. But to resoom—

"'The heat I was in was downright wapour baths.'

"Here," he says, "not to speak of the startlingly comic effect produced by the bold substitution of the *w* for the *v*, what a highly delicate and humorous image is presented to the mind's eye relative to your wife's condition at the moment."

"I don't see it yet," says I.

"Bekos your mind is narrer," says my wife, quite sharp.

"The same ingenious treatment," he remarked, "will be found in the references to Mrs. JARVIS on page 19. On the return from the Derby, we learn

that this lady 'was snoring all the way, and was took ill quite sudden, and said it was the cart.' "

"I know she was," says I; "she was drunk."

"Yes," he says, "but who but the author of these charmin' papers would have thought of mentionin' it. 'A snoring old woman!' I make bold to say there is nothing like it in all Shakspeare, humorist as he was. What a picture in its bold outlines and massive forms, and yet observe also the power of light and graceful touch!

"'Was took ill quite sudden!' The illness usually attendant on drunkenness, Mr. BROWN, we may all of us be acquainted with, but in general it is a unpleasant, nay, a revoltin' sensation, yet here it is made to add materially to the comic effect.

"And a little lower down," he says, "the author, in the plenitude of her strength and facility, plays another variation on the same leadin' idea. Witness your own observation to her:—

"'I say, old gal, beer and sperrits won't mix.' "

"I never said such a thing," says I, "bein' too much disgusted at the time to make any remark."

"Which only shows, Mr. BROWN," he continued, "how superior is the insight of genius into our sympathies than the mere dictates of common

sense. The author says she was drunk. Granted. Well is it possible to help loving her after this touching confidence? And when, a little time before, she remarks that her feet was 'Shooting like jobbing daggers!'—we must all feel ourselves drawing closer to her in brotherly sympathy, for which of us has not had corns?

"It is here," he says, "in this appeal to the thoughts and the feelings of the universal mind and heart, that I see the value of this book and prophesy it a great success."

I said no more, my heart was too full to speak, and besides, I have no gifts of argufying.

I will say nothing here; I simply lay my case before the public, and ask with all respect, yet with the feelings of a husband and a man, "Why—why do you encourage her to go on so?"

From the moment of that book coming out, I become a mere cyfer in my own house, with no more authority or voice in it than the brass footman as held the toast before the fire.

My wife's name was everywhere and I was nowhere.

My attendance at the meetings of the Buffaloes fell off in a manner never known while I had been a member of 'em; and once at the opening of a new Lodge at the Catherine Wheel, when I ought to have

been in my place at the head of the table, with the regalia which was entrusted to my keeping under a bondsman, through a former publican as had 'em in custody having pawned them to pay his brewers, I forgot the ceremony altogether, and was found walking by the side of a canal by one of the brethren as had been sent out in all directions to look for me.

I hurried down with the things, but it was too late, the proceedings having been gone through with baccy pipes in dumb show, but instead of being blasted in my reputation by a vote of censure, followed perhaps by a fine of sevenpence which would have stood against my name in the books for ever, I was much struck with the triboot of sympathy I received.

For the moment I entered the room Brother CHARD rose to his feet, and making way for me respectfully at the head of the table delivered these remarks:—

“Gentlemen, leastways Brother Members, I rise on behalf of myself to express our common, or I would say, our uncommon satisfaction at finding our respected P.G.M.B.C.A 1 again among us.

“Gentlemen, we have lost the Regalia for the moment, but we have regained our illustrious friend, BROWN.” (Here they made complimentary noises.)

“The cause of his temporary aberration of duty is

known to us all, and I shall say nothing about it farther than this, that he has suffered a misfortune in his family to which the bravest and the best of us is liable, his wife having lost the use of her intelleck and taken to publishin' books."

A member here remarked that in his opinion "she had gone off her chump."

Brother CHARD said "he hoped he might not be interrupted. He should maintain his original observation, that Mrs. BROWN had been deprived of the use of her intellecttual faculties."

The member said "he should persist in his amendment as it involved a question of principle."

Brother CHARD said "it would be better if he was to pay up his subscriptions."

The member asked Brother CHARD "whether the last coals he had in was settled for."

Brother CHARD threw a mace of office at him, which missed him and cleared a side-board to the value of seventeen shillings and sixpence.

After a little promiscuus fightin' somebody suggested a happy thought, that the difference should be put to the vote, which was done in the following manner:—

Brother CHARD—Question proposed "That Mrs. BROWN has lost the use of her intelleck and taken to publishing books."

Amendment (a member) "That the words after 'Mrs. BROWN' and down to the word 'intellect' be left out, and the words 'has gone off her chump' be inserted."

Motion made: "That the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question."

The votin' was in our usual solemn and impressive style, each member rising in his place, lifting up his right hand, and uttering the words,

"I'LL TAKE MY DAVEY—AYE."

or

"I'LL TAKE MY DAVEY—No."

as the case might be.

CHARD lost it—I believe through a kind of prejudice against him for his unconstitutional use of the mace, and the numbers stood:

Ayes 13

Noes 15

Tellers for the Ayes, CHARD and FIDLER.

Tellers for the Noes, PROBIT and HEAFEY.

(The same as their wives' names is mentioned in the book by Mrs. BROWN.)

The result was received with loud cheering, during which the wildest rumours was afloat in the lobbies as to the probable course of Mr. CHARD.

Brother CHARD was about to resume his speech

when the member as had had the difference with him, which I may as well say it was *PROBIT*, through bein' as it were poisoned against Mrs. BROWN by the use of his wife's name, rose to make a personal explanation.

"In his reference to Mr. CHARD's coals he did not wish to be understood to imply a snigger, but only as confinin' himself to the statement of a interesting matter of fact—namely, that they was not paid for by the date of his last advices from the merchant who supplied 'em. Whether they would ever be so or not he did not wish to offer an opinion. That was a matter restin' entirely between Mr. CHARD's conscience and the County Court, and we had no right to intrude into that sacred domain."

This graceful act was accepted in the sperrit in which it was offered, and Brother CHARD then resumed—

"The resolution," he said, "which I was about to submit to the brethren on the subject of our friend BROWN, when I was interrupted by a interruption which I will not call it unseemly, undignified, brutal, stupid, ignorant, malignant and insulting, was to this effect—

" 'That we, the undersigned Buffaloes, in meeting assembled, hereby, as being for the most part fathers of families and husbands of wives, beg to offer our

most sincere and heartfelt triboot to Mr. BROWN on the subject of his wife going on so.' ”

The resolution, I am pleased to say, was carried without a single difference of opinion ; and at the end of it there was loud calls for “ BROWN.”

I was just about to get on my legs, when there was a horrid clatter outside the door, and the warder on duty there appeared to be in conflict with somebody, from his frequently remarking, “ Let go of my hair.”

A Seneschal of the Inner Ward being despatched to the door to see what was the matter, peeped through the hutch and reported that the warder was struggling on the floor in the grasp of a determined female, which was beatin' his head on the boards, his legs being at the same time much encumbered by his battle-axe of office.

No time was to be lost.

I therefore instantly moved that “ the Seneschal of the Inner Ward be ordered to succour the warder after demanding the password.”

Brother CHARD remarked that he thought the assistance would come with more propriety from a “ Superior Banner Marshal of the First Class.”

According to the rules, it was their duty to support the warders, and it might cause a difficulty if we was to depart from them.

Brother PROBIT said that by the revised constitu-

tion the Seneschals was to take precedence of the Banner Marshal. It was precisely because their respective positions had been so badly defined under the old rules that the new ones had been framed.

The Seneschal here reported that the warder was calling loudly for mercy and help; and a resolution was hastily proposed and carried, giving him permission to say that somebody was comin' directly.

Brother HEAFEY moved that the copies of the old and the new rules be produced. As he read it, Clause XVI. in no way interfered with the powers of the Seneschals under the original charter.

Brother CHARD said it was clear as mud. The Banner Marshal was declared to be a Past Grand *ex officio*; whereas the Seneschal had to pass a examination in the alphabet and simple addition before he could qualify even for a candidature for that post.

This was a decisive moment. Once give way to innovations under the influence of a panic, and the society might as well constitute itself into a burial club, and arrange for its own funeral.

Brother HEAFEY proposed that the Seneschal should qualify on the spot, by being made a Superior Marshal of the First Class.

Brother CHARD objected to this as a scandalous violation of the spirit of the Act, and the mere manufacture of a qualification.

The Seneschal here reported that the warder had sent word to say that, as he felt himself dying for the society, he hoped as something would be done for his family. The female had already destroyed one of his whiskers, and was now tightening his neckcloth.

In presence of this emergency Brother CHARD's views was allowed to prevail; and it was moved, seconded, and carried that the Superior Marshal should be sent to the warder's aid.

We was just about to despatch him, when it was remarked that there was no Superior Marshal in the room, the officer on duty for the day having sent in a doctor's certificate for neuralgy.

I don't know how we should have got over the prediccymment, when the door swung open, and in rushed——Mrs. BROWN.

In the whole course of my experience of human society I have never seen such a general scamper.

Some made for the windows, some for the door. I alone remained fixed to my seat like a second COBBETT at Madame Twoswords.

“Come and attend to your household work,” says that dreadful woman, “instead of wasting your time a palaverin' here! Half-past four o'clock in the afternoon and no kettle put on for tea, and not a bed made in the house. And who's to go of the

errands, I should like to know? Here's the printer's Beelzebub been a waitin' two hours for the Prefis to my Second Edition, and not a drop of writin' materials in the place. Come—sharp's the word! Run round the corner and get me a bottle of the best blue-black ink, and a quartern of Old Tom!"

I fled before her face like terrified doves, nearly upsettin' MACFLIMSY, as was sitting on the staircase just outside the door, writing as usual, on the crown of his hat. Judge of my state of mind next day, when the following appeared in a public print:

MRS. BROWN AMONG THE BUFFALOES.

This ancient and honourable society was agreeably surprised yesterday by a visit from the celebrated Mrs. Brown, the distinguished writer, whose advent is a new portent in our literature. Mr. Brown—for the lady's husband is still living to participate in the triumphs of her facile pen—holds high office in the society, and was on this occasion complimented with a vote marking the members' appreciation of his wife's public labours. At this stage of the proceedings Mrs. Brown arrived at the Hall of Audience (now removed from the Pig and Whistle to the Catherine Wheel), and after a brief interview with the warder, according to the prescribed form, was admitted, with the customary formalities, a Superior Marshal of the First Class having been deputed to introduce her. Mrs. Brown's entrance was the signal for a general movement among the members, each vying with the other in their alacrity to show their sense of the honour of her visit. Mrs. Brown shortly afterwards withdrew in the company of her husband, and amid unmistakable demonstrations of satisfaction on the part of those whom this novel ceremony had attracted to the outside of the building. We have reason to believe that another work from the chisel of this gifted lady will shortly be announced.

And this, says I, this is the way hist'ry is written. I had met with the remark before, but it seemed as if I had a right to use it.

There was only one thing to do : I wrote a letter to all the editors, describin' the exact state of the case, but they refused to put it in ; whereupon, acting under the highest medical advice, I sent this advertisement to the daily papers :—

BROWN *v.* BROWN.—This is to give notice, that from this time forward I will not hold myself responsible for any of the goings on of my wife MARTHA BROWN, the same having put my name to a book in defiance of my authority. All printers and publishers therefore harbouring the writings of the said Martha Brown will do so at their peril.

(Signed)

MR. BROWN.

I took this home with me on the day it come out, expecting to bring her to her senses ; when on reaching my door I found the knocker occupied by a tall, thin person, in square-toed boots, and with a beard like a goat, which was performin' on it considerably to his own satisfaction.

I had at first thought of asking him who he was, but my mind misgave me ; and when the door was opened, and he asked to see Mrs. BROWN, I went in as meek as if he was takin' me to look at his picters.

In a few moments my wife made her appearance in a dreadful smudge, having, as she made the

remark, been revisin' a recent sheet of her writings by licking off the blots.

"My name, Madam," says the stranger, in a rich full voice, and makin' her a deep bow, "is WASHINGTON CINCINNATUS PILE, and I have the honour to be a representative of the *Powkeepsy Thunderbolt*, of which you have doubtless heard. I am a American citizen, Maam, and a interviewer, and I have come to ask you a few questions for publication on the peraries, where we principally circulate. You are at liberty to reply to these questions or not, as you like; but, at the same time, permit me to ask you to allow me to lay aside these toys for a few moments while I get at my note-book."

He then drew a kind of small sword in a sheath from the back of his weskit, and laid it on the table beside him, with a couple of six-chambered revolvers at full cock, and a implement which he kindly explained to me was a knuckle-duster.

My wife looked as if she was going to have "wapour baths"—to borrow her own poetical expression—but it was only for a moment, for there was something so beautifully reassuring in the stranger's manner that it was impossible to feel afraid of him.

"As a established reputation, Mrs. BROWN,"

said Mr. PILE, "we are naturally desirous of having some particulars of you for general circulation. At the same time, I need not assure you that in our questions we most scrupulously respects the privacy of private life, and that no single remark will be made which could call a blush to the cheek of the maiden, or bring dishonour on the venerable head of old age."

"Will you have the goodness to fetch me a spittoon?" he continued, fixing his eye on me, and at the same time playing with one of the pistols. "It would be a pity to spoil this carpet."

I fetched him one, and when I returned I found he had his note-book open, and his pencil in his hand; whereupon he began these questions to my wife, Mrs. BROWN:—

"Where was you raised?—I mean, where was you born?"

"In Wapping," says my wife.

"Any relation to Tichborne?"

"None, as I knows of," says she.

"What is your opinion of the Tichborne case?"

"I haven't got one," says she.

"Then, you think he's not the man?"

"No, I don't," says she.

"Excuse me," says he. "I think you'll find that is your opinion; though, of course, my pro-

fessional habits enables me to find it out before you know it yourself. And now, let me see—do you owe any rent?”

“Law, no!” says she.

“Would you mind,” he says, with great delicacy, “showing me your last quarter’s receipt? But don’t distress yourself just now; that’ll do by-and-by.”

“How many years have you been married? What was your maiden name? And what’s your opinion of the great American Republic?” was his next questions.

She answered them very meek—I had never seen her so humble in my life—observing as regards the last, that she had heard from a niece of Mrs. CHALLIN’S, as was over there, as it was a bold, promisin’ country, and with careful medical attendance might yet do well.

“In fact,” says he, “you long to spread your pinions to the blast, and fly to the only country where woman is woman, and man is man—the land of the Red Indian and the Quaker, and the nutmeg merchant—the home of the—the home of the——”

She said, “She thought that was about it.”

“Do you dye your hair?” was his next curiosity.

She nearly flashed up at that; but at the moment he sharpened his pencil with his short sword; and she merely observed, "No."

"Well, now," he says, "just one more question—sorry to trouble you—but is that a scar on your eyebrow, or is it ink? I won't ask to look at your teeth, for we are anxious to give as little trouble as possible. Shall I say they are all sound?"

Her looks was "jobbing daggers" and no mistake, but she only nodded her head.

"Having done with the personal particulars," says he, "which we are anxious to have correct, owing to a extensive circulation, now for your works. When did you first feel a desire to write, to revel in sympathetic communion with your fellows through the agency of the all-powerful Press?"

"In the kitchen," says she.

"Ah! I see," he says, "the hand that guides the pen at the same time peels the potatoes—beautiful union of the mother, the wife, and the author. The eye that ranges through space also examines the saucepan, to see whether the stew is done. Beautiful! beautiful!"

I could have spoke on that point, but I said nothing. I might have had the two of 'em at me

together ; and one being more than I could manage at the best of times.

“ What is your favourite authors ? ”

“ Moore’s Almanac,” says she.

“ But you are also,” he says, “ a great admirer of Longfellow, I believe, and some of the loftiest impulses of your career has been derived from a study of the works of Josh Billings, Daniel Webster, and Washington Irving. The dictionary of Noah has been your constant companion from girlhood ; and to ‘ Screechy ’ and the ‘ Wild, Wild World,’ you owe impressions as can never be effaced.”

“ I never said so,” says Mrs. BROWN.

“ Excuse me, my dear madame, you did make the remark, or you certainly will do so when you come to think over it. I believe, too, that a odd copy of the *Powkeepsie Thunderbolt*, which fell into your hand by chance, first awakened in you a desire to do something great in the world.”

“ I believe it did, sir,” says my wife, now thoroughly terrified at him.

“ I have only,” he says, in conclusion, “ to thank you for the polite and spontaneous manner in which you have volunteered your information for the public benefit. It will be forwarded at once by the Cunard mail ; and as you will be anxious to

see the paper, I think I had better give you a receipt for a quarter's subscription, with postage, 1*l.* 10*s.* No thanks ;" and he pocketed the money, which we hadn't the sperrit to refuse him, likewise his revolvers and his other weapons, and went his way.

He was anxious to explain to me the use of the knuckle-duster, and asked me to hold my nose still while he did so ; but I said I thought I would not give him the trouble.

He went away, I say, but alas ! he was only the first of a long line of noosences which kept calling at our house after that unlucky book. Sometimes it was people coming to see her out of mere curiosity ; sometimes others coming to offer her money for writin' other books. One gent said he was the proprietor of a patent food for blackbirds, and if she would write a book on his invention, he would see as she was none the worse for it.

Another thought that Mrs. BROWN on MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP would make a sweetly composing work, particularly sooted for families where they was obliged to use the bottle, and the tendency of the infants was fretful according.

One of 'em wanted to advertise her to go up in a balloon from a public gardens, in company with a donkey and some accrybats.

And one thought that if she would alter the spelling of a book called "Parrydise Lost," he might work off a few thousand copies. "The old way of writin'," he says, "is wore out, and it's a dreadful hard thing to get 'em to take it; but there is a freshness in your style of treating subjects which gives the dryest things a chance. For instance," he says, "the following lines, and the poem is full of sich, is not lively reading:—

"Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight."

"But I fancy, Mrs. BROWN," he says, with a knowin' wink of his eye—"I fancy you could liven it up. Oblige me, mum, by readin' the lines with a few touches of your own."

"Fallen chirrup," begins my wife, as proud as if she was readin' a Queen's speech.

"Bravo!" says he; "capital! beautiful! What a power of fancy, Mr. BROWN! But go on, Mrs. BROWN, oblige me with your varson of the lines for popular use."

Which she did as below:—

"Fallen Chirrup, as the sayin' is, to be weak
Is downright dreadful: but of this be sure,
To do aught good is vapour-baths and pison,
But doin' ill is brandy in your tea."

"I should call Satan 'Satin,'" she says, turning over the leaves of the book with a contemptuous look; "and as for Moloch, I should dress him different and christen him Probit. This here Infernil counsel isn't a bad idea, but it wants workin' up. The principal speakers ought to get drunk and tumble off their seats, and the shindy with Sin and Death should be with fisties—one party a bonnetin' of the other."

"One hundred pound a sheet, Mrs. BROWN!" says he, delighted. "We should make our fortunes!"

He was still speakin' when the manager of a Patent Starch Company was introduced.

"We should be prepared to pay any sum demanded mum," says he, "for a few observations on our commodity in one of your entertainin' papers."

"How would this do," says she, writin' rapidly as she talked,

"MRS. BROWN ON STIFFUN'S PATENT STARCH."

"I'm sure the 'eat I was in and that tired, as any one might have took me for a donkey, through it bein' of a Monday when I will do my washin' as is all very well with their bleachin' powder, tho' nothing in my opinion like good soap and water and

elber grease as never rots the stuff or brings off the buttons, and, as I was a sayin' to Mrs. CHALLIN, as is a 'ard-working woman, though not to be trusted with sperrits about, says I, 'give me Stiffun's Patent Starch.'"

"50*l.* mum," says he, "on the day them words appears in print."

She booked the order, and as more on 'em was waiting about the door I hadn't the heart to sit it out, but left the building.

When I come back the place was in a terrible uproar, the furniture all piled in the middle of the rooms, and such a scrubbing and sweeping and dusting going on, as hadn't been known in it since she took to writing books.

"May I ask Mum," says I, "what you are adoing of to my place."

"*Your* place?" says she—"mine, if you please, supported in board and lodgin' by the wapours of my brow."

"Then what are you doin' in your place, if you please Mum," says I.

"I am givin' a Assembly Mr. BROWN," says she, "a Littery Assembly. The cards as been out some days, and I have received 150 arnsers signifying 'Yes.'"

"In that case Mum," says I, "do not expect me

at home all night. I shall sleep in the Green Park."

"You will do nothing of the sort, monster, ungrateful, brutal, unfeelin' man," says she. "You will stop at home and not ventur' to leave this place from now till the Assembly is over."

"What kind of people is coming," says I.

"Awtors, artists, musishians, poits—people of sole," says she.

"But I can't talk to such like," says I.

"You will not be expected to, Mr. BROWN," was her reply.

"You will have to wait on 'em: Mr. MACFLIMSY has kindly promised to represent you for the occasion, and you will be supposed to be travellin' in foreign parts.

"You must do something to be useful Mr. BROWN, and as you cannot be literairy you must take a inferior position."

The reader has seen by this time, I fancy, that I am afraid of this woman, and that whenever a quarrel comes up between us, I am put down through havin' my branes flung at my head.

It was so this time. I said no more, but meekly puttin' on a old apron I begun to turn the little lumber closet under the stairs into a plate pantry, and such is the vally of imagination, that before I

had been at work half an hour, I begun to fancy as I was a butler in a noble family, and had got a rise in the world.

The preparations for the Assembly was on a magnificent scale.

The little parlour on the right hand side of the passage, being lucky enough to have no single man lodger in it according to custom, was fitted up as a library and studio for Mrs. BROWN.

We had no books to speak of, but a job lot was bought for the ceremony at fourpence a pound, of a neighbourin' dealer, and was arranged on shelves in the following order.

LAW.

Forty volumes of PINKEY'S "DIGEST OF THE MARITIME CODE."

"THE LAW OF NATURE AND OF NATIONS. By that learned civilian BARON PUFFENDORFF."

"THE NEWGATE CALENDAR."

"THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS," VOL. II.

PHYSIC.

"BUCHAN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE."

MORRISON'S "OH DO NOT CAUSE THE HEART TO BLEED."

LIVES OF "OLD PARR," "COCKLE," "KAY," and other celebrated Pillists, with a List of the wonderful Cures as have been induced to take their works.

DIVINITY.

"SERMONS OF HARVEY TEASDALE the CONVERTED CLOWN."

"SCREENED WALLSEND: OR THE WAY to a BETTER WORLD," by a REPENTANT COLLIER.

"HONOUR AMONG THIEVES, OR THE WAY TO TURN A HONEST PENNY," by NED BRIGHT.

"TIPS FOR THE GREAT EVENT," by THE OLD UN, Crown Court.

The effect was pretty, though I say it, being opposed to such things, and more particular when we added a bust atop of the bookcase, as I have seen 'em in the houses of the nobility and gentry.

At first we couldn't find such a thing, not having one in the place, but a neighbourin' secondhand establishment happenin' to have one of Tom Sayers, formerly Champion of England, we stuck that up, puttin' a pen behind the ear to give it a more littery look.

The table was at the same time covered with odd volumes of the Maritime Code, opened as if for reference, and several sheets of writin' paper blotted

and smeared and thrown here and there, to give a idea of the agonies of composition.

The parlour to the left was turned into a reception-room for the hats and cloaks, and the first floor, with the bed taken out and put into the kitching, was fitted up as a drawing-room, a pianny bein' added, which had formerly played at a music-hall, but had been seized for rent.

At twelve o'clock in the day my wife went up to dress, and towards the last stroke of six I see a figger walking downstairs, which at first caused me to believe that sperrits was abroad, bein' attired in long yallow satin train which had not yet left the top landing by the time the wearer stood on the mat by the drawing-room door. A bunch of dahlias with a sunflower in the middle was in her hand, and on her head a turban with a hostrich feather in it, which caused me to feel immoral as bein' the husband of a female Turk, and to give a start as nearly proved fatal to a tray of Bath buns I was carryin' at the time.

"Be careful with them refreshments, BROWN," says my wife, as short and proud as if I was really on board wages in the place, and passed into the drawing-room, without so much as a look or a word to show that I was the father of her children.

I felt my blood boiling within me ; but what was I to do ?

I had gone too far to turn back. It was impossible to have a party without a waiter, and what would the gentry think if the things was handed to 'em by a ignorant servant girl, and half the custards spilt down their backs ?

I made up my mind that as I had begun with it I would go on and sacrifice myself once more for my wife, bein' unwilling to expose her before the great people as she had invited to see her.

At that moment the bell rung, and I went down and opened the door in my best style ; and had no no sooner done so, when the person as entered—I will not call him a gentleman—immediately poked me in the ribs, and said—

“ Here we are again ! ” like a pantymime, at the same time holdin' his umbreller to my leg and pretendin' to singe me, as if it was a poker.

My disgust was great, for on askin' him his name, he says—

“ Don't you know me, stupid ? Read that,” and he give me a card, on which it was written—
“ Little Delaney, Clown, Theatre Royal Hoxton.”
A mere vulgar clown.

All the way upstairs he was pinchin' my legs, and when I opened the drawing-room door and

showed him in, he made the remark, "Old Beeswax," as if I was nothin' better than a play-acting feller like hisself.

All the rest was much the same sort. I never see such a lot since I first stood behind a chair.

The next as come announced theirselves as the Vesooovian Brothers, which they was mere accrybats, five on 'em, beginning with a infant of eight, as chose to go upstairs in a pyramid sittin' on his father's shoulder and kissing his hands to right and left. They sobered theirselves a bit at the drawing-room door, and when they got in, the mawkish way in which Mrs. BROWN got up to receive 'em turned my heart faint.

Wishing to speak to my wife about the dreadful lot as she had got about her, I took the opportunity of sayin', respectful—

"If you please, mum, would you oblige me for a moment by stepping down into the servants' 'all?" And when she got outside, says I, "What is the meanin', Martha, of this tag-rag and bob-tail?"

"Tag-rag and bobtail yourself, Mr. Imperance," says she. "I'll thank you not to call people names. These is littery gentlemen, and your betters, Mr. BROWN."

"Why," says I, "they're no better than accrybats and clowns."

“And what is accrybats and clowns but artists and brother professionals?” says she. “BROWN, you have a common mind.”

“However did you come to invite such a lot?” says I.

“The invitations,” says she, “was sent out by your betters. They are Mr. MACFLIMSY’s friends, which has always kept the best of company, and they have expressed a wish to know me, of which I am proud. Don’t be a fool, BROWN. I am now in a public position, and I must know the world, I must mix in society, I cannot shut myself up in the dark no longer. My repytation requires it. Go and answer the door.”

I went.

It was a nigger minstrel this time, with his face blacked and a cullered suit like bed hangings, which at first I thought it was somebody else, and mistook his banjo for a pitchfork.

“Am dat you, Sam?” he remarked, in the same low way as the others, and grinned at me that awful from hear to hear as I thought he would have brought the eyes out of my head.

The next was MACFLIMSY, which I had forgot to say it was arranged was to go out in the afternoon, and come in in the evening like any other visitor, so as to make it look more ceremonious.

He was dressed in a suit of black with a unnatural shine on it wherever the light fell, likewise his hat had been restored with water, as I felt when I took it in my hand.

Nobody bein' present, he noticed me with a friendly greeting, and went so far as to stop in the middle of the stairs to borrow a shilling, wishing, as he remarked, to show the company a trick with a coin done up in a handkerchief, and not having no change.

"You must be a happy man, BROWN," he said, when I had supplied him with it. "This is a proud night for you."

I made him no answer, but went down and drunk brandy under the stairs.

I hope I may be forgiven, but I should like to see somebody fight that man.

As for the rest of 'em, I haven't the heart to go on.

They was all the same sort, women and men, includin' even performing dogs.

One of 'em said his gift was lifting weights, and told me to get ready presently, for he should want me to come upstairs and be carried round the room in his teeth.

Another of the dreadful creeturs was a littery friend of MACFLIMSY's, and when he come in he

drew some of that greasy paper out of his coat pocket, and says—

“If you can give me a list of the speakers and principal ressyolutions, I needn’t go upstairs.”

“The what?” says I.

“Who’s in the chair?” says he.

“Police!” says I. I begun to think it was all a conspiracy of madmen.

“Ain’t it a meeting,” says he.

“No,” says I, “it’s a assembly.”

“And to think,” says he, “I’ve given up one of the prettiest fires at a candle factory we’ve had this month to come here.”

With that he turns on his ’eel and walks off, and I see him no more.

By this time the talking upstairs was a regular buzz, and I begun to think it was time to go up with my tray, which I did so, but had hardly opened the door, when nearly everything on it was cleared off by the legs of one of the Vesooovian Brothers, which at that moment was doing a feat for the amusement of the company, being piled up atop of one another, with the old ’un in the middle, and walking round the room kissing their hands as before.

I never see sich a dreadful sight in a drawing-room, but such was the tomfoolery of my wife, that

she was a enjoyin' it as if it was the reglar kind of amusements at the houses of the nobility and gentry.

She was, in fact, almost off her head with vain delight, a lot of 'em being round her chair and talking nonsense to her about her works, such as—

“What a exquisite picter was that you give us of the Derby, Mrs. BROWN ; and as for your account of your husband getting drunk on his birthday, I don't think I've read anything so funny since I was a child.”

This was one of the villainous things as she has put in the book about me, which is no more true than to say I was the Lord Chancellor. When speakin' to her in privit about it she admits it is all gammon, but calls it littery invention.

“You see, if you was sober in print, BROWN,” she says, “I could make nothing of you, for in old England drunkenness is the soul of wit.”

And think of my feelings, being obliged to stand in the room and hear such things said of me behind my back, and not having the power to contradict them through being a mere anonymous in the place.

But it was worse when there was one long-haired feller, which, it seems, he was a lecturer and

was a friend of MacFLIMSY's, was sitting near her and trying to look in a lackadaisy way, and says, in my hearin'—

“Mrs. BROWN, what a thing it must be to be tied to a unappreciated monster in the bonds of wedlock.”

She admitted as it was hard.

“Mrs. BROWN,” he says, “I mention no names, not wishing to make no allusions, but who can have read a work lately published without having seen, under all the delightful fun as glances upon its surface, the traces of a suffering soul—of a fine lofty susceptible nature bound to a earthy one as makes a idol of its beer—of beauty, and innocence, and womanly grace sacrificed, perhaps, on the altar of fashion, perhaps at the shrine of duty, but sacrificed all the same and none the more for that.”

“Oh, my eye!” says I; I couldn't help it.

“What was you observing, feller?” he says, turning sharp round on me.

“I was speaking to one of the ices on my tray, sir,” says I.

“I thought we was observed,” he says to her, in a rich play-actin' voice, “but I find it was only a exclamation of this blundering menial.”

“Perhaps the person you speaks of is not so un-

happy as you suppose," says my wife, in the same dark, double-dealing way.

"She may stifle her feelings, Mrs. BROWN," he says, "but *I* can read it in her eye—nay, I can see it in my dreams. It comes to me as a message from the far-off land where I lived—where *she*—where all lofty superior natures passed their time before their pilgrimage begun in this uncomfortable world. MARTHA BROWN," he says suddenly, speaking in a flesh-creeping voice, "I charge you to answer me, Have we not met before in another spear?"

"Was you ever in Cambling Town?" says my wife.

"No," he says, "not there. I do not speak of that. Beyond Cambling Town—beyond the ocean, beyond the stars—in the great Undistinguishable—oh! fly with me there, and bring what money you have about you. Fly now; I am tired of roaming this weary world alone!"

At this junctur I happened by accident to drop the tray on his head. He jumped up to reprimand me with his fist, but I saved him the trouble. The disappointments of this day—and still more, the miseries of this night—had acted on my nerves like pepper; and for a few precious moments I felt the strength of a dozen giants,

Amid loud screams from my wife and the other females of the company, I floo at him and doubled him up in a twinkling, and dashed at the rest, intending to make short work of them ; but they decamped at once downstairs and through the street-door, MACFLIMSY and all,—which if I had had a five minutes' interview with him, I think all my troubles would have been over, and I should have been master of my own house again.

I sat down amid the ruins of the repast, and in the abandoned drawing-room, to recover my breath. Now, now, as I felt afterwards, was the precious moment to have had a interview with my wife, and at once and for ever to put a stop to her extrordinary goings on—now was the time to have thundered out in the commanding tones of a husband, “ Drop it ! ” and to have resoomed my proper position at the head of my own board.

But I let the hours slip by drinking my own 'elth out of the half emptied glasses ; and when at last I went up to have it out with Mrs. BROWN the door was locked, and to all my prayers, commands, and wishes, she answered not a word, only pretending to snore.

But for a long time after that I was happier than I had ever been since she had took to writing books.

MACFLIMSY never showed himself again ; only by the following remarks, which I see in the paper next day, and which I could see his dirty hand between every line :—

FASHIONABLE FRACAS:

Last evening, during an assembly at the house of a distinguished literary lady of celebrity, who resides not a hundred miles from the Walworth-road, the lady's husband became accidentally a party to an interview between the fair hostess and an eminent man of science, the contents of which were not of an agreeable character, and having expressed his dissatisfaction in no measured terms a hostile meeting was the result. The affair took place above in the drawing-room, both being expert swordsmen, and the pseudo Lothario had to atone for his presumption by a slight wound in the arm. It is rumoured that the affair will not be allowed to stop here, but that it is likely to give employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. The lady, though her advent is new to the literary world, is well known as the author of some very entertaining "papers;" the indignant husband is we believe employed in a situation of trust in connexion with our food supply.

For a time after this I had a rest.

She wrote no books and had no visitors to speak of—leastways MACFLIMSY kept out of the way; and if any people did show themselves they wasn't of the literairy sort.

If I had known how to keep a tight hand on her now I had brought her obedient to the bit, I believe we should have gone on comfortable together for the rest of our lives ; but as for me I am more

fit to be driven than to drive, for I am only capable of a movement when too much spurred or whipped ; and if you keep up a mild "Gee wo" behind me, and from time to time give me a gentle cut over the flanks, you may send me just where you like.

She was aware of this, and brought me back gradual to my wrong senses.

At first she carefully hid all the pens and ink, and for the few signs of literatoor about the place you might have fancied it was a respectable person's house.

She was very artful in keeping all writin' paper out of sight, except when required for making out bills ; and though I thought I once caught her beginning a work, it turned out to be only a announcement of

A Bedroom to Let

to a

Respectable Single Man.

Being that which was formerly occupied by MAC-FLIMSY, as had such a unpleasant smell of tobacco

in it that it was obliged to be repapered after he left—which also gave a opportunity for a complete rummage out among his traps; for he left all his things behind him when he went away—the entire stock of which, if sold at a vallyation, would not have fetched the sum of half a crown.

The principal remnants was two-and-thirty paper. collars in the fireplace, on the insides of which he had written portions of his works, being such a extraordinary collection of scraps about fires, murders, and sudden death as I ever wish to see.

These and a pair of boots, with the soles dropped off, which he was in the habit of using as slippers, was all his property, except the manuscript, as they calls it, of the following book ready for the press.

THE
LINER'S COMPLETE GUIDE

BEING

FORMS FOR DESCRIBING FIRES AND
OTHER CATASTROPHES

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ABRIDGED DICTIONARY

CONTAINING THE SPELLING AND MEANING OF ALL THE WORDS
USED IN THE TRADE,

BY

SAWNEY MACFLIMSY.

LONDON :

CONTENTS.

PART I.

FIRES WITH LOSS OF LIFE.

DO. WITHOUT DO.

DO. INCENDIARY.

PART II.

HURRICANES.

FLOODS.

DROUGHTS.

MONSTER GOOSEBERRIES.

PART III.

BALLS, ROUTS, AND FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLIES.

PART IV.

SINGULAR CASES OF LONGEVITY.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN HIGH LIFE.

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.

INQUESTS.

ACCIDENTS.

RUMOURS AND ON DITS.

“In this age of steam production” [said the Preface,] “both in literature and science, as well as in the mechanical arts, there can be no greater waste of time for the young pressman than that which is involved in the labours of composition. With 2s. 6d. as the ordinary price of a fire, there is no excuse for the balancing of periods and the adjusting of parts of a sentence. And there is equally no occasion for them, for art and custom having in regard to these parts of journalism already laid down their immutable laws, the young liner has nothing to do but to follow those laws to arrive at the object of his legitimate ambition—an interview on Saturdays with the cashier. Novelty of phrasing is regarded by some sub-editors as an impertinence, and by all as an embarrassment; and the omission of the customary compliments to the police is sure to be resented when the liner has to apply for information on a future occasion. Besides, magistrates are ‘worthy,’ and policemen are ‘active and intelligent’ by virtue of their office, as fire is a ‘devouring element’ by reason of its chemical properties. The method at present in use therefore, as it has originated in the wisdom of our ancestors, and has been perfected by the experience of our own day, has not been departed from in the following work, which aims only at gathering into a focus those

rays of literary light and beauty which have hitherto been scattered over the whole field of journalism.

“There is nothing more beautiful in nature” [it went on,] “than her provision for the sustenance of the Penny-a-Liner. In the burning heats of summer, when few fires are alight in the domestic mansion save those perhaps for the boiling of the kettle for the afternoon tea, she sends a succession of droughts and short, sharp, violent storms which in turn give employment to his pen. And should these fail, man is not allowed to perish; for the same regular alternation of mild showers and of sunshine, which precludes the occurrence of atmospheric catastrophes, is favourable to the growth of the monster gooseberry and other fruits or vegetables of universal consumption and therefore of universal interest. In autumn and winter boisterous gales from the sea search every nook and corner of the land, and the living that was formerly obtained from a description of the abnormal developments of the teeming earth, is now to be sought in falling chimney-pots and sign-boards torn down. Balls, routs, and fashionable assemblies take place at the same period. And as if to guard against any possible oversight in her own arrangements, our bountiful mother has taken care that Inquests, Accidents, On Dits, and Extraordinary Births shall be confined to no season of the year,

“ The only condition exacted for the enjoyment of all these blessings is that of the exercise of discretion. Remarkable Cases of Longevity, for instance, should never be assigned to any well known town, on account of the facilities this practice offers for contradiction. The name of a village which has no newspaper in which the report can be reproduced is therefore best adapted for this purpose ; and the same thing may be said in regard to Extraordinary Births—at least where they are ‘ triple ’—twins being generally allowed to appear without inquiry. Monster gooseberries also require great care as, in order to maintain an appearance of probability, it is necessary to localize them as the products of a particular garden, but turnips and cabbages grow in the open fields, and no further specification is necessary in regard to them than that of the nearest market town. With these few hints, which the ingenious reader will know how to improve according to circumstances, the author wishes his friends a kind farewell.”

The following was from Part I. :—

FORM XI.

FIRE WITHOUT LOSS OF LIFE.

At an $\begin{pmatrix} \text{early} \\ \text{or} \\ \text{late} \end{pmatrix}$ hour yesterday $\begin{pmatrix} \text{morning} \\ \text{or} \\ \text{evening} \end{pmatrix}$ the neighbourhood of (place) was thrown into a state of considerable alarm by the discovery that a fire, which threatened to be attended with the most serious consequences, had broken out on the premises of (name) situate in (address). From inquiries made on the spot it appears that Police Constable —— an active and intelligent officer of the —— Division (always ascribe the discovery to the policeman on the beat), while on his rounds, observed smoke issuing from a —— window, and having at once given the alarm, he succeeded, at the imminent risk of his life, in rousing, and ultimately in rescuing, the inmates of the burning building. Meanwhile the engines of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, accompanied by the men in charge of them, and by the London Salvage Corps, were quickly on the spot, and a plentiful supply of water having been obtained from the mains of the —— Company, the flames were finally subdued.

N.B. — The Turncock is very often out at a party, and some little time elapses in consequence before he can be found. It is not desirable to say this, however, because it may cause ill will; and furthermore, the statement that a house was burnt down because the firemen could not immediately obtain a supply of water, is distinctly *libellous*, because it is so often perfectly true. The form as it stands will, therefore, be found most agreeable to the feeling of all parties.

And this was another :—

FORM XVII.

CHARGE OF ROBBERY RESULTING IN CONVICTION.

At ——— police court, yesterday, A. B., a determined-looking ruffian, was charged with stealing a watch. The prosecutor, an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, said that he was standing in a crowd near the ———, when he missed his watch, and seeing the prisoner without shoes and stockings he at once gave him into custody. The property was not found, the prisoner, it is conjectured, having passed it to some of his companions.

The prisoner, who set up a loud whine in which he was understood to protest his innocence, was

sentenced by the worthy magistrate to hard labour for six months.

FORM XVIII.

THE SAME CHARGE RESULTING IN ACQUITTAL.

At ——— police court, yesterday, A. B., a respectable-looking youth, whose features bore the traces of great refinement, was charged with stealing a watch. The prosecutor, a person of very unprepossessing appearance, said (see form).

The prisoner, who asseverated his innocence in a manner that carried conviction to the mind of every one in court, was at once acquitted, the worthy magistrate remarking, &c.

Note.—Women who charge their husbands with wife beating, are of “*considerable personal attractions;*” and the heads of all juvenile thieves “*scarcely appear above the top of the dock.*”

Such was all I got out of MACFLIMSY for the board, lodging, and other annoyances of weeks and months. I could have put up with the loss though if it had ended in the lasting conversion of Mrs. BROWN from her evil ways. But I'm sorry to say this was not so. For a time, as I have said, she

writ nothing, but at last scraps of compysitions began to appear on bits of sugar-paper; and when I took these away from her, she fell into a low melancholy, which a doctor as I called in said, it might end in her having to go into a madhouse.

“It is a well-known form of lunacy, Mr. BROWN,” he says, “called *scriblomania*, which when once it has attacked a patient they never get thoroughly cured. It is a highly fashionable disease, some of the most illustrious persons in the country being taken with it from time to time. There is no known cure, death being the only thing as gives a lasting relief. All we can do is to recommend that the evil should be deprived of any artificial stimulus by being allowed to take its natural and easy course.

“Let her write; it is the only way to preserve her life. She will probably produce many more works, but you must try to put up with ’em.

“Some attempts has been made to stop it with ink inoculation on the principle of vaccination for the small-pox, which puts the poison once for all in the blood, and, by bringing on a mild attack of the disease, saves a severer one in the future.

“But I have not sufficient confidence in the experiment to recommend it in this case. No, there is nothing else for it: let her write.”

I did so ; but no one can tell what a worry it give me : for as soon as she got the free use of her writing materials again, she poured out that terrible serious of books which has made our name a laughing-stock to the world. Once more my house fell into disorder, and once more I had to take to domestic work, and to be waiter, housemaid, cook, and chambermaid all in one.

But I could have put up with her remarks on "The Sea Side," foolish as they was ; as likewise with the volume she was pleased to call her "Christmas Box ;" a pretty Christmas-box I can tell you for me as had to make my dinner on that day on cold mutton, and no pudding to follow, unless I had stoned the plums myself. I could have put up with these, I say ; but there was one later offence for which I was not prepared, and which has doubled me up in pocket and mind in a manner I shall never recover.

The thing I am driving at is, "Mrs. BROWN on the Tichborne Case."

That case, I daresay, will be fresh in the recollection of the public, having lasted some days, but as there is doubtless many thousands who has never heard of it, I beg to give the following outline :—

There was once a baronet as lost hisself through going away with a party of the name of Bella, which

many years afterwards there was a party as said he was the party, Bella having gone down ; many other parties coming forward to the effect that it was all square.

They was just about to give him the property, when some one proposed as he should try on the weskit of the original party, which, as it could not quite meet about the waist, there was a doubt, the case being then brought to trial which has gone on ever since, the question being to what extent a man could grow out of his clothes.

I knowed she was going down to the court from time to time, and made no objection thinking, of course, that while she was walking about out of doors she couldn't be writing at home.

And when she come I didn't think it worth while to watch her, because, to tell the truth, the idea that her foolishness could carry her so far as to write about a case as the very judge and jury hadn't yet settled among theirselves never came into my head.

But as the doctor one day said to me, them as reckon on the common sense of a scriblomaniac will find theirselves in the wrong box, for one morning, turning over the newspaper, my eye fell upon a advertisement which showed me as she had been and gone and done it for the Tichborne trial.

I went out and bought the book, and a precious

lot of rubbish it was, with the usual particulars about her love of onions and her partiality for sperrits, which was true enough, though I would never be the man to try to make money by writing about such disgraceful things.

There was also a lot of things about me which was as wild inventions as almost everything set down to my name in the other "works."

There is only one thing, thinks I to myself, as 'll take the disgrace of this thing away from us, and that is the state of her poor old mind is to be seen in every line of it, and in every word.

But when I got home, what a state of things was waiting for me, namely, a large letter in a blue envelope, and with sides to it wide enough to drive a toy coach up and down the paper, which the following was what it said:—

MR. BROWN, SIR,—

Our attention having been called to a book purporting to be an account of the Tichborne Case by a person bearing your name and amenable to your authority, we feel called upon in the interests of our client the claimant in the said case to require you to substantiate the numerous allegations concerning him

made in the said book. Observations personally offensive to him have been made on his bulk and weight ; his method of pronunciation has been held up to public ridicule, and he is furthermore stated to have made the remark that he was "a chickaleary cove with his one two three," and to have proposed to the writer that she should partake with him of a particular kind of refreshment known as "a quartern and three-outs." These assertions, together with the story about Mrs. Brown (the name of the writer, and, as we are advised, your wife), are as groundless as they are impertinent ; and as the case turns entirely on the conformity of the plaintiff's habits and expressions with those of a gentleman, are calculated to seriously prejudice his case in the eyes of all persons who may become acquainted with the contents of the book.

We have therefore advised our client to enter a civil action against you for libel—he having at our intercession, though perfectly entitled to do so, consented not to bring the case before a criminal court. And our object in thus troubling you is to request you to be good enough to name your solicitors so as to spare you those unnecessary inconveniences attending

the preliminaries to an action. Our damages we
may inform you will be laid at £10,000.

Your obedient servants,

* * * * *

Whatever the name was I cannot write it down, for I never see it; long before I had got to the end of the letter a kind of film came over my eyes; and it was as much as I could do to struggle on to the £10,000.

I got the dreadful document in the morning, and I must have sat folding it in my hand and never stirring a peg till the afternoon, for I found afterwards as I had never left the room or changed my seat till the sharp rat-tat of the five o'clock post took me again to the door.

And this was the valentine brought me by the afternoon post, written on the same kind of paper as the last.

MR. BROWN, SIR,—

As solicitors for the infant in the Tichborne
suit our attention has been called to a book published
in the name of your wife (Mrs. Brown), in which
certain comments are made upon the trial which we

consider have a tendency to damage the case of our client. We refer particularly to the statement of the opinion that the claimant might possibly have been an infant at one period of his life, and to the author's observation that she had "knowed many a child as you'd never 'ave thought could 'ave struggled thro' 'is teeth grow quite as tall (as the claimant) tho' not so much in flesh." Please to observe that we are quoting the passages complained of, and that we express no opinion as to the peculiar language in which they are written. We would also direct your attention to her inference that the state of the plaintiff's knees may be accounted for on the supposition that he was unskilfully nursed, though this observation is afterwards qualified in a manner that may constitute a ground of action for the other side. For our own part we have only to remark further, that the suggestion that the trial could have been settled in a very short time but for the desire of the legal advisers on either side to prolong it for their own profit is personally very hurtful to ourselves, though it has not been allowed to influence the advice which we have tendered to the infant in regard to those parts of the book in which he alone is concerned.

Acting solely, therefore, with a view to the interests of the infant, we have urged him to commence an action against you for substantial damages, and we shall feel favoured by your forwarding us the name of your solicitor at your very earliest convenience.

Your obedient servants,

THINGEMBOB & WHATSHISNAME.

I went to bed, drew the blinds down, and sending for Mrs. BROWN, told her that a 4*l.* 10*s.* funeral would be most in accordance with my wishes, and that I should not require any mutes.

“Why, what’s the matter with the man?” says she.

“The matter is, Mrs. BROWN,” says I, “that you have dished me at last, I’m about doubled up. Read them documents.”

“What a pity I never see ’em before,” says the unfortnit creature, running her eye over ’em in a vacant way. “I might have put ’em in my book. They would have wanted a little alterin’ in the spellin’, but that could easy have been done. Dear, dear, why didn’t I invent them? But one can’t think of everything, try what one will.”

"Mrs. BROWN," I says, "leave me, if you please. I should like my last moments to be unstained with crime."

"It's your fun," she says; "you're writing a book yourself: now ain't you?"

"Yes," I says, "I'm preparin' a work on manslaughter."

"Put me in it," says she, "as I have done the same by you in everything as come from my pen."

"*You* will be sure to be in it, Mrs. BROWN," says I, in a gloomy tone.

I am not prepared to say what mightn't have happened, when the door opened and a figger appeared at my bedside, dressed in a suit of black, which made him look like a waiter from the other world.

"Where may you come from," says I, with my tongue a-rattling in my mouth.

"Having found the street door open," says he, "I walked up [I had never thought of shutting it after taking in that second letter] I hope I don't intrude. Is your name BROWN?"

"I am cursed with that cognomen," says I.

When he says, "I have much pleasure in giving you a personal service of *THAT*. Good day," and he threw a piece of paper on the bed, and before I could say another word to him had vanished from the room.

The third piece of paper was in the following form :—

MIDDLESEX to WIT.

VICTORIA D.G.

Whereas, it hath been represented to us by our trusty and well beloved servant (mentioning his name) one of the Judges appointed by us to try causes in our civil courts, and now sitting in the Court of Common Pleas, Westminster, that a certain lunatic at large, to wit one MARTHA BROWN, did on a certain day write and publish or cause to be written and published, a work or book or pamphlet or printed paper called entitled and known as “Mrs. Brown on the Tichborne Case,” and containing statements observations reflections or remarks amounting to flagrant contempt for the authority and dignity of the said court. Now know ye, therefore that this is to give notice that the said work or book or pamphlet or printed paper has been impounded by us in our High Court of Chancery, and the husband or lawful governor of the said MARTHA BROWN is called upon to appear at our said Court of Common Pleas to answer to the foregoing and the following charges—**To Wit:**

That the said MARTHA BROWN being a lunatic

her said husband has not kept her in due and lawful safe custody.

And likewise also That the said MARTHA BROWN being a lunatic her said husband has not prevented her from publishing a certain false and defamatory book, wherein it is stated as in form and manner following.

1. THAT the said Judge of our Court of Common Pleas being in his court did write to the said MARTHA BROWN to sit beside him on the BENCH.

2. THAT the said Judge of our Court of Common Pleas did thereupon call for a bodily solace or refreshment known as "Glasses Round."

3. THAT the said MARTHA BROWN did thereupon deprive our said Judge of his Wig by pulling or clawing at the same, or causing the same to be pulled or clawed.

Now know ye therefore To all these presents Greeting. Be it enacted that our trusty and well beloved Usher of the Court shall forthwith visit all that Messuage or enement in the occupation of the said husband of MARTHA BROWN, and shall summon him to appear at our Court of Common Pleas to answer to the charge. And in this Fail Not.

It was a curious thing, but this last tremendous blow brought me to my senses again. I have heard of pugilists and other such persons, after being knocked silly, be made to open their eye by a continuation of the same treatment, which principle, I believe, was first discovered by the homopaths. The last paper, I say, had this effect on me. It seemed as if I had at last got to the bottom round of the ladder of luck, and nothing worse could happen. Actions for damages for about 20,000*l.*, and a summons for contempt of Court!

I went downstairs to the parlour where my wife had gone after that person in black had left my room. I was whistlin'. The poor old creetur was very merry too. I have since been told by Dr. Forbes Winslow that such is their peculiarity—always much gayer than them as is in their right mind. She was readin' a letter. I don't know who it was from, but these was the words—

MY DEAR MAMMAR,

For I have just as much right to call you so as some others to whom I gives the name. I have wrote to my attorney, and he have writ to your husban' to say as we Want damage for £10,000. Don't be alarmed, my dear Mammar, for no harm shall happen to you. Tell him he can either pay the

money down or buy £15,000 worth of bonds, which will make his fortin' for him if he can wait long Enough.

My dear Mammur, I would write more but the brown mark on my side pain me so to-day, and I can hardly see the paper through a swelling where the fish-hook caught me in the Eye. We had some of the albatross for Dinner yesterday and it was butiful—as tender as pheasant.

My dear Mammur, I shall never play at cards no More. I would come and see you, but I can't afford the passage money.

*So good-bye, and may Heaven preserve you from
your affectionate son.*

At any other time I should have danced with rage over this letter, and perhaps tore it up, but it was different now. Men don't generally get into passions the day before they are hung. I said I hoped it would amuse her, and I went down to a club meeting, and after collecting fines amounting to 1s. from two or three of the high officers as had neglected their duty, we sang comic songs till midnight, and then I went on the spree—such was the spirit of devilment within me—a thing as I had never done before in all my life,

I employed myself chiefly in ringing bells at houses where I had formerly waited, and then hiding round the corner to watch the servants come to the door.

But after a few hours this seemed to get dullish, and then I went to a coffee-stand and had a cup and three slices in the rain, which also was not quite so exciting as I had expected it to be.

I afterwards tried to chaff a cabman, like the young swells does, but he struck me in the nose, and so I went home.

I don't like going on the spree so much as I thought I should. There's reely nothing in it.

The next morning I was up with the lark, and "after partakin' of a hearty breakfast," as MACFLIMSY used to say when writing about the executions, I made my way down to the Court.

I was there earlyish ; and instead of the Judge and Jury, I found a old woman a cleaning of the steps.

I asked her what she thought they would do to me ; and she said she couldn't say.

I then slipped a shilling into her hand, and begged her to make it right for me if she saw a chance.

She promised she would do so, and then I went and sit on Westminster Bridge and eat buns.

When I come back the Court was just opening, and I got in.

The Judge and Jury was in their places, and they was going to go on with the reggyilar evidence, when

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose and said—

“ M’ Lud—Before proceeding with the evidence in the case, I wish to direct your ludship’s attention to the fact that your ludship yesterday ordered the prosecution of a person who had been guilty of contempt of court.”

“ I have not forgotten the circumstance, brother,” said a voice coming from the wig. “ Is Brown here ?”

All eyes began a searchin’ round the Court. Mine only was fixed. I couldn’t speak. I was afraid to look.

“ Make proclymation for him, usher,” says the Judge.

“ Brown—BROWN—BROWN,” says the usher, “ come forth and show your contempt.”

“ That’s me, my Lord,” says I, at last.

“ Stand in that there box,” says the Judge.

“ Look at me,” says the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

“ I shall prove,” says the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, “ I shall prove, my Lord and gentlemen, that the person before you is a impostor, a villin’, a scoun-

drel, a scamp, a card-sharper, a horse-coper, a begging-letter writer, a thimblerrigger, a smasher, a highwayman, a footpad, a smuggler, and a pirate. At the same time, I wish to guard myself carefully against using any expressions which he might consider as personally offensive to himself."

"Now," he says, turning to me, "charge your memory. What was you doing at nine o'clock in the morning on the 23rd September, 1839?"

"I don't know, sir," says I.

"Don't *sir* me, sir," says he.

"How *should* I know?" says I.

"Don't ask me questions, sir," says he.

"Well, then, I was doing nothing," says I.

"Would it startle you very much to hear that you was eating your breakfast?" says he.

"I might have been," says I.

"*Were* you?" says he.

"I *were*," says I.

"Then what made you just declare you was doing nothing?" says he.

"I don't call that doing anything," says I.

"I desire," says he, "that that answer may be taken down with particular care in the shorthand writer's notes."

"Is this going to last much longer?" says I;
"I feel uncommon hot and faint."

"Did you ever go to school?" says he, without paying no attention to me.

"Yes," says I.

"What did you learn there?" says he.

"All sorts of things, sir," says I.

"Spelling?" says he.

"Yes."

"And History?"

"Yes."

"And Geography?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"And Grammar?"

"If you say so."

"Answer my question, sir," says he.

"You are trying to bother me," says I.

"The witness will observe," says the Judge, "that a plain question has been put to him, to which he must give a direct answer. The witness is asked, 'Did he or did he not learn grammar at school?' "

"I knew your lordship would be against me," says I, bitterly, "from the moment I come into Court."

"I will thank you not to repeat that observation," says the Wig.

"Now," says the Attorney-General, "once more, Did you learn grammar at school?"

"Anything for a quiet life," says I. "Yes."

"Then," he says, "what rule is illustrated by the following passage: 'I love Penelope; Penelope loves me?'"

"If you are drivin' at that little affair," I says, "before I met Mrs. Brown — her name was Rebecca."

"Answer my question, sir," says he, passionate.

"I can't," says I.

"You can't," says he; "very well. Now, you said that you had learned geography. State the boundaries of Jaw-Jaw."

"There is no boundaries to it," says I.

"You are being prompted in your answers," says he.

"You're another," says I.

The Jury here suggested that it would be more satisfactory if I was simply asked the latitude and longitude of Uglymugly.

The Attorney-General thanked them for their suggestion, but he preferred to test me by a simpler question still.

"How do you spell," says he, "the liquid which is generally drunk by families at breakfast time?"

"R-U-M-A-N-D-M-I-L-K," says I, thinking of MacFlimsy.

"No, no," he says; "I don't mean that. You know what I mean."

"Well," says I, "there's only one other."

"Spell it then," says he.

"K-A-U-P-H-Y," says I.

"That'll do," says he. "I think we may leave out the historical questions, my lord."

The Judge nodded; and I was just going to leave the place, when up jumps another feller as said he represented the claimant; and, says he—

"Do you know a person of the name of Horton?"

"No, sir," says I.

"What made you say you did, then?" says he.

"I never said so," says I.

"I refer, my lord," says he, "to p. 114 of the defendant's work on the Tichborne case."

"I never wrote it," says I; "my wife did it, and she's a lunatic."

"Man and wife are one," says he. "I refer, my lord," he says, "to p. 114 of the defendant's work."

"I object to that work becin' put in evidence," says another feller.

"Who are you?" says the first one.

"As good as you any day, and better," says the other.

“The book can be put in,” says the Judge; “but I will take a note of the objections of the other side.”

“I am about to read it through,” says the first one, clearing his throat; and he began:—

“Every one bein’ a-talkin’ about this ’ere ‘Tichbung case, per’aps there’s a many as will ‘say of me, ‘Wotoever can she know about it, as ‘is a foolish old gossipin’ thing.’”

(“Hear, hear,” in Court, which was instantly suppressed by the ushers.)

He then proceeded for the first fifty pages, during which the Court gradually emptied, and the reporters was observed to break pen after pen in the vain attempt to take it down. At this junctur the foreman of the jury handed in the following paper to the bench:—

“If you please, we are all very ill.”

The counsel said, that “after that expression of opinion he should not go on. At the same time——”

The Judge said, “That from the evident signs of suffering he saw around him, he thought it would be best to order an instant adjournment for medicine. And at the same time he would suggest to the learned Attorney-General that the law, as it stood in regard to the publication of books calculated to

do grievous bodily harm, was very defective. And if some short Act of Parliament could be brought in——”

The Attorney-General said, “He wished people wouldn’t bother him so.”

The Judge said, “It was merely a suggestion, he was delighted to think it had been so well received. The Court would now adjourn; and in the meantime he would see the defendant BROWN in his private room, when perhaps he might be able to relieve learned counsel of their labours on this part of the case.”

In a few minutes I was standing before him in his private room. He had took his wig off, and was sitting with a ice-bag down the small of his back.

“It is the only treatment for this class of disorders,” says he. “The reading of that work gave me such a qualm that I felt as if I was crossing the Channel.”

His manner was kindly, but firm.

“How long,” he says to me, “have you known that your wife was in this state?”

“It has been coming on for years, my lord,” says I; “and I have done everything to check it, but impossible. Without pens and ink and paper she would foam at the mouth, and bite.”

“ Ah — *Scribomania*,” says he — “ a dreadful affliction.”

“ Exactly so, my Lord,” says I. “ I have suffered enough with her already ; and now this last dreadful blow——”

“ We have no wish, BROWN,” says the Judge, “ to push matters to extremities under the circumstances, but I am sure you will agree with me that something must be done. No public topic is safe from her. We shall next have a book about the Alabama Claims. There would be less objection to it if she had anything to say ; but I put it to you, whether the outrageous twaddle to which she has put her name has either rhyme or reason in it. That a woman, and an old woman, gets drunk—that she smells of raw onions, and so on—who wants to hear this? Who can find any fun in it? What,” he says, “ has the country of Shakespeare, and Sidney Smith, and Charles Lamb, and Dickens sunk so low that this sort of nonsense can find a purchaser while their works are still in the market? Why, if this is authorship, a pauper apprentice could learn the trade as easy as he picks up cobbling. Two or three miserable tricks of expression shaken, as if from a flour-dredger over a sheet of utter commonplace, and the thing is done. The sole condition of success in it seems to be that

it should be a departure from all consequence and common sense. I can imagine," he says, "how my own condition at the present moment could be made a subject for the same delightfully humorous treatment. I am wearing a ice-bag, am I not? Well, is it possible that it can be in the power of any human being to make a funny pieter of me by some such remarks as the following:—

"Which I see the Judge, as the sayin' is, sitting
"down with a Hice Bag on his back, which, as I
"says to Mrs. CHALLIN, is all very well in summer
"time, when they are wonderful cooling at a penny
"a glass, and I'm sure how them Italians affords to
"make 'em unless they uses dripping, though one of
"them as lived opperzite to us was also a singer in
"the chorus at the oppery, which for squallin' I
"never heard the like in all my born days. And so,
"I says to BROWN, I says ——"

"But if you please, my Lord," says I, "she never said anything of the sort to me, and that's where it is. She will drag my name in and make me look as big a fool as herself."

"Well then," he says, "you have all the greater interest in seeing that she don't publish no more. Let her write as much as she likes if the medical gentlemen recommends it, but don't suffer her to appear in print BROWN—don't suffer her to appear

in print. And now be off with you, and never let me see your face again."

I left him thankful for my escape, and hurried away so fast that I nearly fell over a little sharp-nosed man waiting in Westminster Hall.

I then went home, and sitting at my window, took the first pipe I had really enjoyed since my troubles come upon me.

But while I was smoking it and looking up and down the street, who should I see but the same little sharp-nosed man I had nearly overthrown at Westminster staring up at me and the house with all his might, and seemingly making a description of both of us in a note-book. The curse of publicity, thinks I, follows me everywhere, and I shut the window and went in doors.

But somehow I didn't feel easy, and so I sent a small girl we had lately took in to run errands and such like, to fetch me a pint of porter, and having forgot to tell her to go to the house as keeps my favourite brew, I run to the door to call her back, when what should I see but that same feller as close in conversation with her as two consperrators on the stage.

I didn't know how it was, but I sat in a perfect tremble till the girl come back, and when she brought the beer, I says to her in a severe terrifyin' voice—

“What was the meaning of them whisperings?”

“What whisperings?” says she.

“Your whisperings with that little man outside,” says I.

“I never see him before in my life,” says she.

“But you see him just now,” says I. “What had he got to say to you?”

“If you please sir,” says she, beginning to whimper, “he wanted to know what was your habits.”

“My habits—hidjut,” says I, “and what did you tell him?”

“A herring in the morning, sir,” says she, “and sometimes sprats for supper. I couldn’t help it sir,” she says—“oh, please, I couldn’t help it; he said he was something in the law.”

At the sound of that word a cold perspiration came over me, and I set down the untasted beer.

I couldn’t rest in the house, and yet I didn’t dare go out. I went up on the roof and flew pigeons.

It was all no use: he was still there, and when I peeped my head over the parrypet I see him entering of the fact in his note-book.

I waited till night-time, and then I went out. A figure was standing at the lamp-post whistling. It was him. He was looking up at the stars. I walked past him. He walked after me.

I walked fast—he walked fast. I walked slow—

he did the same. I stopped to look at a toy-shop. He did so likewise, whistling all the time. I run madly through several streets with crooked turnings in 'em, and when at last I stopped for wind, I heard his whistle behind me. His bellows seemed to be as good as ever.

I then clambered on to the knife-board of a omnibus, and told the man to drive me where he liked.

He landed me at Chelsea. I got down, and the little sharp-nosed man was just paying his fare.

It was no go, so I put the best face on it I could.

"Ow d' ye do," says I; "I've been looking for you everywhere. Can I have a word or two with you in privit."

"Delighted," says he.

"It's a fine night," says I.

"Luvly for the time of year," says he. "I hope it agrees with your health."

"It does," says I, "but I don't think we've come all the way to Chelsea to ask one another them questions."

"Exactly so," says he. "I'm pleased to see you're a man of business, Mr. Brown, for it will save us no end of trouble. The fact is, though, asking questions is rather in my line, I'm a privit inquirer."

"And what on earth's that to do with me?" says I.

"Not much, perhaps," says he; "but I'm in the pay of a respectable attorney, and I've been sent to find out certain peculiarities of your habits previous to beginning a action at law. You can either tell me now and make a clean breast of it, or I'll find out for myself. The result will be the same, but I should like to spare your feelings and go home to bed."

"I've had enough of attornies," says I, "for all my natural life; so I think I may say, sir, and no offence, we don't want any to-day."

"Mr. BROWN," says he, "this is trifling. Please to hear me out. My employer represents a number of ladies and gentlemen mentioned in your wife's owdacious books, and which seeks a remedy against you at law. They was at first in favour of bringing separate suits, but under his advice they have formed themselves together into a limited company to carry on one joint action against you for substantial damages."

"Go on," says I; "I like it."

"There's one lady," says he, "a most respectable dressmaker, of whom your wife have said that she was 'as obstinate as a pig and as stupid as a donkey;' and another, a milliner, whose husband is

called a 'brute,' and other offensive names, because it happens to be his pleasure not to keep sober from Monday morning to Saturday night.

"We also represent a lodging-house-keeper at Margate, whose house is alleged to be full of—ahem!—Norfolk Howards; and some neighbours of yours, as seeks compensation for a libel on their dust-hole, which is said to be 'enough to breed a fever;' and likewise on their daughters, described as 'two ugly girls.'

"We are likewise going to bring an action against you for cruelty in forcing your wife to write these things; and I have already ascertained enough of your habits to enable us to go on. At the same time," he says, "we are willing to listen to any compromise as will pay us our expenses."

"Oh, please do let me go and destroy myself," says I, giving way. "I'm a broken-hearted old man!"

"A ten pun' note might do it," says he.

"Oh, come to me to-morrow afternoon," says I, "and let me go home. Don't be discouraged if you find a hearse at the door. I will mention you in my will."

He said that perhaps he *might* induce his clients to wait that time but not a day longer.

"If the money is not paid to-morrow," says he,

at parting, "I shall advertise you in the 'agony' column of the *Times*."

I left him and went home—to privacy? No. My front parlour was invaded by a strange voice. I went in; the American Interviewer which had called on us before, was seated rocking hisself in my arm-chair, with his legs on the mantelpiece and whittling at my Buffalo's staff of office with his dreadful bowie-knife, and my wife was opperzite to him a smilin' like mad.

"How do, squire?" says he. "I've just called to get the old lady's opinion on this here case, and to see if we can't fix it somehow between us."

"What case," says I, "wild Injun?" for it put me out to see him sitting there as if he was master of the house.

"This case of the *Alabama* claims," says he. "We air anxious, sir, to have a full expression of British opinion for our journal, we air; and for this purpose I have already interviewed the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Spurgeon, the Great Vance, Senator Whalley, and Colonel Jolly Nash, and now I've come to test the views of the female clement."

"You may speak out before me, you may, with the proud satisfaction of knowing that every word

that passes between us this night will be telegraphed all over the Union to-morrow."

I couldn't speak.

"Sit still, old hoss!" says he again—"sit still with your head down just like that; I didn't quite get a accurate description of the parting of your hair for my last despatch, and I forgot to ask you your weight. What is your weight?"

"It has gone down considerable since we last met," says I.

"Wal," he says, "you can get yourself scaled, and charge the office, we pay all legitimate expenses. And now," he says, "as to these here indirect claims, Mrs. Brown? To begin with, what's your opinion of the American people? the great Pacific Railroad? the Falls of Niagara? and the Erie Ring?"

"Well, as I was sayin' to Mrs. Challin," begun my unhappy partner.

"Stuff and nonsense," says I, quite losing my temper, "she doesn't know what she's talking about, or what you are talking about either. What's the use of wasting pen and ink and telegraph wires on her words?"

"My friend," he says, gently, "if I have any more of this onseemly display of temper over a matter of business, I shall have to put you out of the room."

“Ask her,” I says, “yourself if she understands one word of what you say?—ask her if she knows so much as the meaning of the words *Alabama* claims.”

“Of course I do,” she screams out—“of course I do before you was born, you old insinuator.

“Oh, Susanner,
Don't you cry for me;
I'm going to Alabammer,
My true love for to see.”

“There——”

“Yes, there,” says I, turning to the Interviewer, “that's all you'll get out of her.”

“My friend,” says he, “you are evidently young to the business of interviewing, and therefore you do not perceive that these is beautiful remarks having a direct bearin' on the question. As I understands 'em, Mrs. BROWN is evidently carried away for a moment by them memories of the sunny South, the land of Sambo and of love, which the word *Alabama* suggests. She thinks it a pity that its fair fields should ever again be drenched with the gore of war. She lingers for a moment on this beautiful picture of peace, and she would fain stamp it on the hearts and minds of both branches of her Anglo-Saxon kinsmen for ever.”

“That’s it,” says my unfort’nit wife; “that’s just what I was going to say when I was interrupted,” she says, casting a fleering look at me.

“What do you think of the claims, Mrs. BROWN?” says he.

“Claims!” she says, “I’m sick and tired of claims. There’s old Mrs. MAWKEY, because I once sent her a few old clothes when her husband was up after a long illness—which how people can help ketching ’em I don’t know, for it’s a judgment of Providence through drinking nothing but vitriol from morning to night, as some calls it gin; but how it can be at threepence-ha’penny a quartern their own sense might tell ’em, as the sayin’ is.”

“Is MAWKEY pretty well known in England?” says the Interviewer.

I could see as he didn’t know how to make head nor tail of it, but wouldn’t say so.

“What’s that to do with the claims?” says I.

“That’s just what I said,” says she. “Mrs. MAWKEY,” I says, when she come round begging again as bold as you please, because her son had got in work again but couldn’t get his tools out of pawn—“Mrs. MAWKEY, I says, I don’t see as you’ve

a claim upon *me*, mum. Don't talk to me about claims."

"There," I says to the Interviewer, "what do you make out of that?"

"My friend," he says, "your natur is evidently inferior to that of this remarkable woman. She speaks in parables, and you have not a literairy mind. The signification of the last beautiful passage," says he, "is clear enough. Mrs. BROWN looks round on the world and sees how much better, truer, happier we should be, if every one did his duty, and all claims was abolished except our own claims upon ourselves. It is a view highly favourable to the American case, and it will create a very excellent impression in Washington."

"I am not understood in this house," she says, beginning to weep. "It is my misfortin' to be the ekal of man, and the proud bein' cannot abear me for it."

"Never mind, mother," he says; "you go on. The great point with your people is that the British Government had no idee that the indirect claims was to be preferred under the treaty. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says——"

"Which," she says, "Mrs. CHALLIN once washed for a gentleman bearin' that name—least-

ways beginning with 'NORTH,' though there was a 'wood' at the end of it."

"Same family, no doubt," says the Interviewer.

"Which she says he was the kindest, honourablest, uprightest of men as ever broke the world's bread, and was in the habit of paying two shillings a dozen all round."

"This is important," he says, "as to the personal character of one of the negotiators. We are anxious, you see, to exclude nothing, Mrs. BROWN, although it bears against our own side."

"Now I suppose," says I—for I couldn't stand it no longer—"you think she's all for you. But I can tell you that if she knowed what you was talking about she'd be all the other way. If she knowed, for instance, that the Americans wants us to pay something like a couple of hundred millions of money, and that means perhaps a extry three-pence a pound on tea for the rest of her life at least, and lots of other things in proportion."

"Threepence a pound on *my* tea!" she says. "Why, you nasty, rampagious, underminin' thing," she says, turning on the Interviewer, "what do you mean by coming here with your begging-letter ways and asking me to put my hand in my pocket like that! Them's your *Alabammer* claims, is it; and

pretending to write down my words, as if you think I'd support that. No," she says, "rather would I perish by sea and land than give in to it; rather would I drink cammymiles, which bitter as they are is wholesome; and the way they cured young ISAACSON when down with his teething I never did—not but what I'm in favour of a little Godfrey's Cordial now and then, though they do pretend as how it makes 'em sleep their brains away. But what with one thing and another they must have some support; and to pretend that Christins can do without it is downright mad, though for my part a little something at night is all I require, and often refused that only for the doctor's orders. But as I was a sayin', as the sayin' is——Why, where is he?"

I had never listened so patient to one of her long speeches in my life, for it had drove the Interviewer clean out of the room and out of the house, though she'd been so busy listening to the clack of her own tongue that she hadn't time to notice anything else.

It was nearly three weeks after that when a friend says to me—

"I see they've got your good lady in the American papers," says he; and he give me a public print, headed on the front page—

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS. SPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

He Interviews — Spurgeon — The Archbishop of Canterbury — Vance — Senator Whalley — Colonel Jol. Nash and

MRS. BROWN.

The Opinions of the old Lady — She approves of Northcote — Sings a Nigger Song — A Kick-up and a Row — Old England for Ever and Down with the Yankees.

Underneath this came the Correspondent's despatch.

London, Thursday.—I have had a busy day among all the notabilities here, and have gathered the following important information. The Archbishop of Canterbury was careful and reticent, but being pressed, said he should be glad when it was over. Spurgeon said, if fighting was as easy as preaching he shouldn't mind having a spell of it, and thought he might come out well. Senator Whalley was in possession of documentary proof, which he has promised to furnish me with, showing that it is all a Romish intrigue, and that the *Alabama* was really fitted out at the expense of the Pope. Colonel J. Nash, who moves in the highest circles, couldn't speak for laughing

when I asked him what he thought of the indirect claims; and the Great Vance, one of their bluest old families, said the aristocracy was against us to a man.

I afterwards called on Mrs. Brown, who is much sought after here, and I give you her views as representing the Democracy and the literary circles. She was at first entirely favourable to our side, and sang a nigger song to me with much pathos, and with a view of indicating her sympathies with our Freedmen's Bureau. She admitted that if England had acted fair and square by us there need never have been any mention of the claims. At the same time she paid a high tribute to the good faith of the negotiators on the English side, and particularly of Northcote. But when the question was raised of the monetary damages that might be obtained against England if the claims went to arbitration, she flew into a violent passion, and declared, that rather than suffer it, the very women would sell their ear-rings and go out and fight. It was a sublime spectacle, reminding me of the Roman matron. She at the same time commented in severe terms on the evident bad faith of the American demand.

Inside the paper was a thing called a leading article, headed—

THE GAGE OF BATTLE.

"Our correspondent in London," it said, "sends us startling news. The long-expected views of Mrs. Brown have been delivered, and henceforth a reconciliation is impossible between the Young Republic and its effete

old parent on the other side of the water. In language as unmeasured as her temper is unrestrained, Mrs. Brown has dared to defy the American people. What changes will not a day bring forth! Yesterday the political sky was clear, and even the cloud that loomed upon the horizon seemed but a shadow of one of her own smiles on the face of nature: to-day the firmament is covered with a funereal pall of national jealousy, hatred, and mistrust. While the leaders of English opinion remained silent, or at least spoke with a temperate reserve, there was always a prospect of a settlement, but now that Mrs. Brown has openly impugned the honesty of our negotiators, it will be impossible for us to seek the basis of a friendly understanding in Lord Granville's pacific note. It is not too much to say that this unwarrantable exhibition of temper has deprived us of our last grounds of hope in regard to the amicable adjustment of this unhappy affair. Mrs. Brown has thrown down the gage of battle. America will not let it lie on the ground."

I borrowed the paper, and was sitting reading it in a coffee house, and thinking as how my trouble was the greatest in the world, and there never was such a case as mine, when my friend PADWICK come in looking very wretched and sit hisself down in a corner without noticing me.

I think I never see such a change in a man in my life. It was only a fortnight ago I had seen him the picter of health and freshness, and now he

seemed all cheek bones, and furrers was across his brow. He was just in the act of looking up to smite his forehead with his hand, when our eyes met, and he run across the shop and almost sunk into the seat at my side.

"BROWN," he says, "I'm a miserable man. I'm a ruined man—ruined in my peace of mind."

"What is it?" says I. "Anything in the shop?"

"Worse, worse," he says—"far worse."

"The children?"

"No, worse even than that—my unhappy wife."

"Has run away?"

"No: has taken to writin' books. Monster," he says, turning savage on me all of a sudden, "it's all *your* fault."

"Be careful PADWICK," says I, "I'm in a dangerous temper myself. What have I to do with it?"

"What have you to do with it?" he says—"everything. You keep fevers in your house, and then you looks innocent when other people ketches 'em."

"PADWICK my boy," says I, "I've had enough of parables for the rest of my natural life. If you want to say anything to me: you must speak out plain."

"The plain fact, BROWN," he says, "is just this. My wife knows your wife, do she not?"

"Our families has been friends from infancy, PADWICK," says I, with a tremble in my voice.

"Just so," says he. "Well, what is the principal occupation of your wife?"

"Publishing of works," says I, "unfort'nitly."

"Well," he says, "the long and the short of it is: my wife has took to the same thing. You have kept a fever on your premises, BROWN, and she's got it. She says if Mrs. BROWN can write books, she don't see as she can't likewise: and she is at this moment pegging away at a volume to be called

'FUN AND FROLIC WITH THE SOLAR SYSTEM,'

BY MRS. PADWICK.

Price 1s., fancy boards."

He had hardly done speaking, when in rushed CHALLIN pantin' with rage.

"Let me get at the old villin," says he, rushing at me. "Let me get at him, and tear him limb from limb."

"CHALLIN," says I, "I am armed with a umbreller and I shall use it; but besides that, listen to reason. What's the matter?"

“That’s the matter,” says he, throwing down a sheet of writing paper. “Read that,” which the beginning of it was :

MRS. CHALLIN—HER BOOK.

DEDIKATED TO HER LOVIN’ FRIEND,

MARTHA BROWN.

“When I thinks MARTHA of the hours we have passed together at the wash tub, and afterwards at the little corner pin, at the Katherine Wheal, I ask myself: Is it possible that the public can want to rob me of my truest dearest friend. Truth compels me to say so, but friendship cannot abear the idee of my having to suffer such a cruel loss. No: where MARTHA goes I foller, and therefore behold me leaving my privit washhus to appear in the public airy of literatoor. I bears a garland of sweet posies. It is for the hed of Mrs. B.; let no one try to turn it into a krown for my own. Enough for me if I may be permitted to pick up a few of the fallen leaves, and wear ’em next my hart.

“N.B. Families washed at eighteenpence a dozen all round; or by the piece. Good drying grounds.”

“BROWN,” says CHALLIN, “this is your work. If

your wife had been kept from this infernal nonsense, it would never have come into the head of mine."

"CHALLIN and PADWICK," says I, "old and good friends hear me speak, I am innocent. If wild horses could have held her back from it, they should have been provided.

"I ought to have your pity—your miseries has hardly begun; but think what I've gone through already, the days and nights of worritin', the MAC-FLIMSYS, the Interviewers, the Privit Inquirers, the Lawyers, and the Evenin' Assemblies of Literatoor and Art.

"If your wives has taken to writin', I'm sorry for it, but don't pitch into me—don't fling stones on the head of a drowning man: he'll sink fast enough without 'em. Rather stand on the brink and cheer him as he goes down with your pleasant friendly smile."

"Nobody wants to be hard on you," says CHALLIN, softenin' a little; "but see what's happenin'. Every old woman as your wife has put into her books is catchin' the scribblin' fever; and even when I was comin' here to look for you, I met BULPIT tearing his hair, which said as his old woman was going to bring out a thing called—

'BULPIT'S QUARTERLY;

'A REVIEW OF LITERATOOR, ART, WASHING,
CHAREING, AND LODGINGS TO LET.

'A DISTINGUISHED NOVELTY, WARRANTED TO BE ALL
WRITTEN BY OLD WOMEN WITH

'A COMMON SKEWER.'"

"Let's call a meeting," says PADWICK.

It was done next day in a public meeting 'all,
and they voted me in the chair.

It was a great assembly, for though many was not suffering at the moment with scribblomania in the family, there was no knowing how soon it might come upon 'em; and every man as happened to be responsible for the conduct of a vulgar, stupid, ignorant old woman felt that he had a interest in the case.

BULPIT was the first to speak. He said him and his wife had lived happy for several years, and had reared a family. Till lately there had been nothing uncommon in her behayviour. She had been a good wife and a good mother; and if any one had asked him whether she had a fault, he should have said it was only her stoopidity and her not being able to read anything harder than the one syllable stories in the spelling book. But he had always managed to make amends for that by his own gifts,

till in a evil hour his wife made the acquaintance of Mrs. BROWN. (Loud groanings.) The end of which was ink-pots all over the house, and the j'int always burnt to a cinder every Sunday, till he took to cooking it himself. Instead of looking after the house his wife was now engaged in writing a treatise on "Domestic Economy; or, How to Dispose of your Bones and Fat;" and when she was not scribbling she was learning poetry by h'art from the works of E. Moses and Sons. He therefore moved the first resolution as follows:—

"That this meeting—in view of the dangerous, and even awful consequences of trusting old women with the free use of pens, ink, and paper—begs the Government, in its wisdom, to put them articles under the provisions of the Act forbidding the wearing of dangerous weapons, with a penalty involving incarceration in a asylum for every such offence."

The ressyolution was seconded by CHALLIN, and carried away at once.

PADWICK was the next to speak. He thought that public inspectors should be appointed similar to them as looked after the other nuisances, and whenever they suspected the existence of such things in a family, they should be provided with a sarch warrant and empowered to destroy 'em.

CHALLIN thought the country should be divided into districts, the same as for the cattle plague, and all movements of writing materials should be strickly put a stop to except to them as had a licence, such as the gentry and other people as could afford to write about things instead of doing them. But at the same time the receiver was worse than the thief, and it was no use being hard merely on the poor old women as was led away, without doing something to the people as aided and abetted 'em. The ressyolution he should move was this:—

“That all publishers and others encouragin’ the spread of the works of Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bulpit, Mrs. Padwick, and my wife, with other misguided persons as have a place to keep clean and a family to look after, be hereby requested to drop it; and that the public be earnestly enjoined not to buy any books written by females without a proper government guarantee stamped on the corner that there is no stockings to be repaired, and no children’s faces as wants washing in the houses of the authors.”

I was just about to put this to the vote, when a person as had stole into the room and had been busy scribbling all the while with his head down, looked up, and says he—

“Will ye jest obleege me with a copy of the

second resalootion, as representing the public press?"

It was MACFLIMSY, but oh, how changed from the time I hunted him out of my house on the night of the Assembly. Then he was seedy-looking, but now he was a mere remnant, and if put up as a job-lot he would not have fetched the value of clean old rags. The only possible outlet for him was to get hisself sold for shoddy, and be broken up in a mill.

"Mr. BROWN," he says, coming close to me as soon as he see my eye upon him, "do not be hard on a sufferin' fellow creature. I have wronged you, sir, but I am bitterly punished for it. I am now a married man myself. Give me time and I will explain all."

I went on with the business of the meeting; and presently a slip of paper was passed up to my chair, on which was writ the words—

Can you lend me 1s. 6d.

till to-morrow?

S. MACF.

I shook my head, being aware of him of old, when he resumed his writin'; and presently, just as we was in the act of passing a third ressyolution, I received the following document:—

*I O U 6d. then ; redeemable
at sight the day after
date.*

S. MACF.

Thursday.

I couldn't stand out any longer. Much as this man had pizened my life, there was a touching confidence in his handing me the acknowledgment before receiving the coin which found its way to the soft place in my heart. I wrapped the sum up in a piece of paper, and sent it on to him by the hands of a friend.

The meeting broke up soon after, and he took me aside.

"Mr. BROWN," he says, "you see before you a victim of the justice of Providence. It was me as first put it into the head of your wife to write books, and though at the time I proudly thought I

could do wrong without being punished for it, I am now the husband of a public character myself."

"I'm sorry for you," says I, "for I could pity even a serpent or a alligator as had been brought to that."

"Mr. BROWN," he says, "you remember the man I was—how free, and open-handed, and liberal, and the way I made the money fly in your house?"

"Mr. MACFLIMSY," I says, "I wish to say nothing unpleasant, but I do remember it indeed."

"Mr. BROWN," he says, "you remember my wardrobe——"

"I remember your dickey," says I, "if that's what you mean."

"Ah, I forgot," says he, "my trunks was still detained in Poland at the time I knew you; but still," he says, "you can imagine the man I should have been if I had had 'em—well, you remember all this—I see you do—and look at me now; and what do you think has brought me to it, Mr. BROWN?"

"You told me just now," says I.

"Did I?" says he. "No, I don't think I did tell. I have been brought to it, Mr. BROWN, by becoming the husband of a public character.

I married her from a Music 'All, Mr. BROWN, where she was in the habit of hanging to a trapeze by her toe, with her head downwards in the air. I never sec her but in that position till she stood on her feet at the altar ; and then I found that I had taken a wrong view of her mind. But it was too late. Mr. BROWN," he says, "she thrashes me, sir—she thrashes me with a stick, and I could show you the marks. You know my fondness for clean linning; if I wear a front longer than a fortnight I do not like to show my face among my friends. It is a fancy, perhaps, but all our family is the same. Yet believe me, sir, or believe me not, the front in which I went to church is unwashed to this day; and what your eye is fixed on, sir, at this moment is only a sheet of white paper, with writing at the back."

"Our home," he says, "is a dessert; half the night she is away from it; and when she comes in it is only to practise new tricks for the public eye without thinking of me. She spends most of her time walking on the ceiling, where she also takes her meals; and the other day she threw a cup of tea at me because I asked her if she didn't think she could get it down better with her feet on the ground."

"Have you any children?" says I.

"We have a infant," he says, "which has never wore anything but spangles from the 'our of his birth, and is not allowed to taste his bottle till he has balanced hisself for half a hour on a clothes line with one foot in the air. I wanted to use the line the other day to hang a few things on, but she swept 'em off saying, ropes was made for doing tricks on, and not for making scarecrows with damp clothes.

"I have been unfortnit in bizness, Mr. BROWN," he says, "through having sent a monster gooseberry to a paper which was afterwards contradicted by the Vicar of the parish. Getting desperit, I cast around wildly, and a friend says, why don't you send some Fashionable Intelligence to the *Court Journal*? They are always mad for it; but mind, it *must* be original, or they won't pay. So I sends this:—

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. FLANAGAN, of the Rookery, Monmouth-gardens, has sent out cards for a select Irish next Monday.

MASTER EASEYER-HALL, the eldest son of the worthy Lord of the Manor, the Grange, Short's-gardens, is pursuing his gymnastic exercises at Coldbath Fields.

DR. and MRS. JORKINS are inhaling the balmy sea breezes at Shadwell.

The betrothment of OFFICER SMITH, K 916, to the beautiful Miss Biddy Cook, of Eating-house, Kentish-town, is quite the talk of society.

MR. WILLOUGHBY-DIVER, and his worthy *confrère*, Mr. Grosvenor-Bolton, are engaged in a little unpleasantness with the Sheriff of Middlesex.

The lovely MISS BANGYER-JONES has a most bewildering pair of glass eyes.

Quite a sensation was created in the neighbourhood of Whetstone-park, yesterday evening, on the arrival of the blooming Miss JONES BUCKEYE from her residence in Surrey, at Horsemonger Lane.

MRS. MIKE O'DONOGHUE gave an illigant wake to her friends at the family mansion in the Borough, on the 4th inst.

The charming Miss HOOKEY, whose accomplishments are the delight of the brilliant society in which she moves, is visiting her friends on the second floor.

MR. and MRS. PICKYER-POGGIT, of the Retreat, Hoxton, have just concluded a delightful fourteen days' jaunt at Millbank, on the Thames.

“But would you believe it, Mr. BROWN, they actually returned that original intelligence on my hands, saying that it was a little too original, too important for their common-place print, and recommended that I should get it in the *Times*?

“After that, my wife was always throwing it in my

teeth, and asking me why I didn't try to make a living in some other line.

"She goaded me so, sir, that the other day I tried practisin' to go round to the Music 'Alls with her and give a entertainment as the Strong Man.

"I had a beautiful new set of muscles made out of the best wadding, which made my legs and arms look like Hercules, but when it came to handling the clubs, Mr. BROWN, I hadn't the knack, and brought 'em down on my own head; the result of which was that the clubs was broken, the doctor reporting that if it had been any other person it must have injured the brain.

"So I have got back to the old trade, sir, and I am now going to a meeting of sperrits."

"What sperrits," says I, remembering his habits when in my house—"cold without?"

"No, sir," he says, "I have given up all that now, though if you was to ask me, I don't say as I wouldn't for old acquaintance sake. No, Mr. BROWN, I mean the sperrits of huming beings as comes up and speaks. It is a lektur, sir."

"Will you take me with you?" says I; "I have often heerd talk of such things, but have never seen 'em; and I would go anywhere now rather than pass a evening in my own home."

He said he should be delighted, and away we

trudged till we come to a kind of gloomy little back parlour in a tradesman's shop, which also sold stationery, but announced on a card in his winder "Mediums to be seen within."

There was about half a dozen people in the place, miserable-looking creeturs with straight hair, all sitting mumchance and staring at a tall thin feller which was standing at a table in the middle of the room.

"Friends," says the feller, speaking at last, when all the seats was filled up, "we will first collect the fees for the sitting—a shilling apiece, the free list being entirely suspended except for the public press; and then," he says, "we will proceed to the eloocidation of the mysteries of the other world."

The money was collected in a 'at, and then the thin feller says, "Put the lights out, Josias," to a kind of boy in buttons, which was standing at the dore, and in a instant we was all in the pitch dark.

For some minutes nobody spoke a word, and I began to get that frightened as I could hear the beating of my own hart, till at last I felt the touch of a cold hand on mine.

"What's that?" I said with a sort of scream, for I was never so startled in my life.

"Can you make it a shilling," whispers MAC-FLIMSY, "and add the other sixpence on to the old I O U?"

“I heard some one whisperin,” says a female, “I’m certain I did.”

“It’s merely one of the preliminary sperrits,” says the Medium, “a countin’ of you to see if you are all right before his superiors enters the room. They’re very particular.”

“Now then,” says he, “are you all right up there?”

There was a loud knock as seemed to sound on the ceiling.

“Who’s present?” says the Medium.

This was followed by two kicks and a whistle.

“Oh! it’s King John, ain’t it?” says the Medium quite familiar.

Two more knocks and a kind of scratching noise.

“What’s he a doing of?” says one of the people in the room.

“He’s a signin’ of Magna Charter,” says the Medium.

Two more thumps.

“He says he is due in the United States in five minnits,” says the Medium; “where he has to sign at three meetings in different parts of the union before seven o’clock to-night. He wishes you all well, and is pleased with you, and his advice is, don’t never get your feet wet.”

We was all sittin' as deadly still as before, when another horrid knockin' begun.

"Oh, is that you, JULIUS?" says the Medium. "Gentlemen," says he, "JULIUS CÆSAR is present—would anybody like to have anything to say to him?"

"I should like to know," says MACFLIMSY, "whether he wrote all his Comments with one stilus, and 'ow much they fetched him a line."

Three raps.

"He says he writ 'em for nothing," says the Medium. "It was his amusement after killin' people, which was his business."

"They wouldn't fetch more than a ha'penny a line nowadays," says MACFLIMSY; "there isn't enough particklars in 'em."

After this there was two more raps.

"He's a comin' to kick you," says the Medium. "Look out."

And the same moment we got a kind of a thump on the head all round, though I fancy MACFLIMSY's must have been the hardest, judging from the hol- lerness of the sound.

"What did he do that for?" says I. "The rest of us said nothing to offend him."

"Sperrits can't discriminate between persons," says he, "leastways when they're all in sympathetic

relationship, as you are now. But by givin' it to all on you he's sure the right one's got it—such is the subtle reasonings of the mind when freed from the trammels of matter. Would anybody else like to ask him another question?"

"I should like to know," says a female voice, "whether my son JOE's got safe to Australy?"

"When did he start?" says the Medium.

"Three months ago," says she.

"Ah!" says the Medium, "he won't answer no questions after the 14th sentry. Can't make out why, but I never could get him to do it."

"Now," he says, "look out all of you again; you're agoin' to be thumped."

And thumped we was — myself on the nose with a warmish hand, which I caught hold of, when another hand give me another thump on the same place, and I let go. The rest as didn't show so much curiosity got off with one knock.

"The late TOM CRIBB," says the Medium.

Rap, rap, on the ceiling.

"Did any one interfere with him when he was goin' round?" says the Medium. "He complains of having been handled."

I made no remark.

The next performance was a hard knock knock

knockin' on the floor, as if it was done with the end of a umbrella.

"What's that?" says I.

"The sperrit of SAIREY GAMP," says the Medium.

"Why does she keep up that uproar?" says I.

"She's in a pet," says he.

"Who with?" says I.

"A person named Mrs. BROWN," says he.

You might have felled me with a feather.

The rapping went on and got louder and louder, till it was frightful to hear.

"Somethin' ails her," says the Medium. "She's dead against the BROWNS to-day. Is anybody of that name present?"

I made no remark.

"What is it, old lady?" says the Medium—pleasant like.

Four short sharp raps.

"She says Mrs. BROWN's a pirut," says the Medium.

Two raps.

"A circumventor."

Two more raps.

"A bad imitation."

Two more.

"A bit of sham jewelry."

Two more.

“ A second-hand suit of clothes.”

Two more.

“ A old thief !”

“ Reely,” says I, “ this is dreadful language, whoever Mrs. BROWN may be.”

“ Don’t interrupt,” he says, “ or she’ll hit you with her pattens.”

The rappin’ went on.

“ Why don’t you spell plainer,” says the Medium ; “ I can’t make out what you say ?”

More rappin’.

“ Oh that’s it, is it ? She says Mrs. BROWN’s a old hidjut,” says he.

The rappin’ went on for some time longer, and we was all silent, when the Medium took down the following :—

“ Which it’s Sairey ; and the sweetest writer as ever was, when he wanted a picter for his portrit gallery, says, send for Sairey, for she’s a woman bekknown, and to be trusted. Which I says to Mrs. ’ARRIS, that’s me ; and sure enough it was, for his paintin’ was the very moral of me, and content to let it be so, when Mrs. BROWN, afore the breath was out of my body, and never having clapt eyes on me in my life, dresses herself up like the picter, and drinks out of a bottle, makin’ believe as nobody could see the difference

betwixt 'er and me. Which she isn't me, or anything like me, though she tries it on, and gets ha'pence from foolish people as fancies she's my twin-sister, which I never 'ad a sister, and never shall have while the world lasts, my parent bein' dead. And if you wants to find 'er out, take 'er shawl off, and 'er bonnet; likewise her bottle—bein' a thing I never used, through being more partial to a teapot—and see whether the nothing that's left of 'er 'as got a feetur of mine—yah!"

The knocking left off, but in a minute it began again with some little taps.

"Its Mrs. GAMP come back," said the Medium, "to say as she's sorry she can't talk like she used to, but she lost her voice when her parent died, and she'll never git it again; but them's her sentiments."

It may easy be understood how I felt while all this was goin' on; but I kep' my own counsel, only makin' up my mind that if ever I got safe out of it I'd shut myself up for the rest of my life, and never face the world no more.

There was no noise for some time, but at last a kind of muffled sound was heard, as if some one was drummin' on the hearthrug with their feet.

"The sperrit of Mrs. PARTINGTON," says the Medium.

"Who's Mrs. PARTINGTON?" says I.

"A very celebrated character," says he; "haven't you never heard of her?"

"No," says I, "and I don't care to know her neither, if she's going to call people names like the last."

"Hush!" says he.

The drumming went on.

"What's the matter?" says he.

More drumming.

"Oh, you don't feel easy in your mind, don't you?" says he to the sperrit. "What's the matter?"

(I shall give her answers without the tappin', though that was the way they was received.)

"I want to deliver a maxiom," says she.

"Who to?" says he.

"Ike, of course," says she, "in the first place, but its meant for somebody else, too."

"Fire away, then," says he.

"Ike," says Mrs. PARTINGTON, "remember the bird in the stable, and never go about the world in borrowed prunes, for if you do they'll be sure to turn to hashes in the mouth. You may wear the lion's skin, but, as Solomon says, 'You may

be sure your braying in a mortar will find you out.' ”

“ I don't see the point of that,” says I.

“ Who are you driving at ? ” says the Medium to the sperrit.

“ Mrs. BROWN,” says she.

Shall I never hear the last of that terrible old woman ? thinks I.

I got up to go.

“ Who's that a movin' ? ” says the Medium.

“ Beware ! If you opens the door while any of the sperrits is present, you might let the light into the room ; and they can't abear that, it gives 'em a ticklin' sensation as makes 'em very uncomfortable.”

I sat down again and rung my hands in silent misery. I didn't seem to know what I was doin'.

MACFLIMSY whispered to me to ask if I could “ make it two shillings ; ” the payment he said would be certain as soon as he received a remittance from his agents.

I made it two shillings.

“ ARTEMUS WARD is in the room,” says the Medium.

“ What has the Genial Showman got to say ? ” was his next remark.

“ She's a ornary old cuss ! ” said the sperrit.

“ Who's a ornary old cuss ? ” says the Medium.

“Mrs. BROWN!”

I could stand it no longer, but jumpin’ up with a wild cry I rushed out of the place, pursood by the Medium.

“Come back!” he says, shoutin’ after me; “we’ve got Linley Murray and Joe Miller a comin’ presently; they’ll be worth hearin’.”

But no, I never pulled bridle, as the sayin’ is—no, not “as the sayin’ is,” I hate them words—till I reached my door.

I went up in a dredful temper to my wife’s room, but it all left me at the sight of what I see there.

It all left me, and I wish I could recall this book in which I may have spoke hard of her at times. But that’s too late. The first sheets is in the printer’s hands; and all as I can do is to add these last sheets to ’em, by way of washin’ out what I have said before.

Let bygones be bygones. Mrs. BROWN will never trouble me or the world again.

She had been took with a seizure while I was out; and even the little wits she had at the best of times was now clean gone.

She was sittin’ at the foot of the bed, bein’ not in pain but smilin’, and didn’t know me. Her hands was covered with ink-stains, and from the

appearance of her face she seemed to have been tryin' to clean herself in that liquid, without success.

She had been writin' a poem on the lid of a bonnet-box, with her finger for a pen. The first stanza was done, but I will not repeat it.

She had dressed the book called "The Tichborne Case" up as a doll, with a nitecap at the top of it and some sheets of foolscap for the rest of its clothes, and she was huggin' of it with all a mother's care when I got into the room.

"Come and kiss my little one, Mr. BROWN," says she, holdin' it up to me; "my 'elpless one!—my darlin'! my best beloved!"

I did so.

"Don't grip it that way, monster!" she shrieked out; "you have always 'ated my offspring," says she, "and now you would kill them!"

"Such is not my intention, Martha," says I; "let 'em live and welcome, if it will do you any good."

"Do me good," says she; "ain't they the life and soul of my old age. Give me, 'Sea-side.'"

She pointed to a little cot by the side of the bed, which I had not seen for many a day by reason of its havin' been put in the loft out of the way after our last boy lay in it as a infant twenty years ago.

That boy is dead and gone now, and the sight of his cot and the things it made me remember, seemed to bring the water into my eyes.

“Bring ‘Seaside,’” says she again in a imperious manner.

Then I found out as she’d got all the books as she’d ever done dressed up in the same way as “Tichborne,” and must have gone upstairs and fetched the cot down all by herself, and made the bed and laid ’em in it all of a row like little infants.

Rubbishin’ as they was with their hard kivers, it was a pretty sight.

“Bring ‘Seaside,’” she says; “but gently—gently. Mind you don’t wake ‘Christmas Box,’ which as had not a wink of sleep all the first part of this blessed night, but only dropped off just as you come in.”

She then sit and nussed the pair on ’em, one on each arm.

“Did ye ever see such a boy?” she says, showin’ me Tichborne, “and reared on nothin’, in a manner o’ speakin’. All spoon diet, and not a bit of solid food put into his body.

“I wonder if Alabammer ’ll live?” she says, after a pause. “It’s a poor sickly little thing—a poor sickly little thing; but it may thrive, like the rest

on 'em, by the blessin' of Providence. I'm sure it's a wonder to me to see 'em all alive around me this night.

"Hush!" she says, sudden. "What was that cry?"

"I heerd nothing," says I.

She put the two down and run over to the cot where the one as she called "Christmas Box" was lyin', which she snatched up and covered it with kisses.

"Quick," she says, "the bottle — quick, quick!"

I run round the room to humour her, pretendin' to look here and there.

"I can't see no bottle, Martha," says I.

"Why, there it is," she says, "on the chimbley-piece, almost touchin' your nose."

"There's only a ink bottle," says I.

"Nonsense," says she. "Will you or will you not give me my infant's food?"

And she jumps up in a pet and catches hold of the very ink bottle itself and pours a little ink out in a spoon and holds it to a bit of the back part of the kiver, where there was a advertisement of a patent boot.

"Martha, Martha," I says, "what's come to you, my beauty? Do you know what you're doin' of?"

"Why," she says, as if suddenly coming to herself, "it's ink—black ink! He's tryin' to pison my children with ink!" and she hurled the bottle at my 'ed, which I dodged it, and narrerly missed being stained the colour of a Christy's Minstrel.

I run up to 'er and caught hold of her hands.

"Let me go!" she screams, "pisoner, baby-farmer!" and she got that vi'lent I couldn't hold her no longer, and wrenching herself out of my hands, runs over to the cot and pitches the "babies" at me one arter another.

"Take 'em and kill 'em!" she screams; "take 'em and kill 'em, and then you'll have your will of me and mine! You've hungered arter their pretty little lives from the moment they come into the world, sarpint! and when you've finished them, come and finish me, their mother—**MARTHA BROWN!**"

And she begun a dreadful cryin' as made me tremble to the very soles of my shoes.

Arter this she fell back on the bed and closed her two eyes as if in a kind of doze, and presently waking up with a kind of start, she says:—

"'Ow do you do, Mrs. CHALLIN?"

"It's me, Martha," says I.

"'Ow do you do, Mrs. CHALLIN?" she says

again, lookin' not so much at me as at nothin' at all; "and 'ows your works?" as if she was speakin' to a clock.

"That was a beautiful day we had at the West End together," says she, "the day we see the drawin'-room, as the sayin' is."

"It was Mrs. PROBIT as you went with there, my dear," says I, "not Mrs. CHALLIN."

"Your darter called me a nuisance, Mrs. CHALLIN," says she, "and you give me the slip in the street; but I bears no malice. Bless you, Mrs. CHALLIN."

"It's Mrs. PROBIT you're a thinkin' of," I says again.

"Then bless you, Mrs. PROBIT as ever was," says she, "and will you kindly 'elp me on with my Angola shawl. When does this here Italian opera begin?"

"You're a thinkin' of Mrs. WALTERS now," says I.

"Beautiful, beautiful," says she, "what 'eavenly dancin', but what's that furriner a yellin' at in his bedroom? and who's that young gal a walkin' in 'er sleep? Oh fie, give me my umbreller."

"And why shouldn't I hit him over the head, Mrs. YARDLEY," she says sudden-like. "If I pays my money to go to the opera, I've a right to speak

agin things as I don't 'old with, and no feller shall make me sit down."

"It was Mrs. YARDLEY as went with us to Margate," says I; "Mrs. WALTERS went with you to the opera, Martha."

"Then," she says, "tell Mrs. WALTERS as 'ow it wasn't my fault, because I couldn't swear to the man as got in at her back kitching window. I don't 'old with swearin', as the sayin' is, and couldn't do it, because I didn't see his face. But show me 'is back, and I'd know him anywhere among a thousand. Why, there he is," she says, pointin' to me.

"Martha," I says, "the man as got in at Mrs. BRITTLE's window got off long ago. Don't you remember when you went down to the Old Bailey and give your evidence before the judges, which you said one on 'em looked as if he took brandy in 'is tea."

"The man with the red whiskers?" she says. "Ah, they never can keep their temper when they're that colour."

"The man with the red whiskers, Martha? what are you a thinkin' of now?"

"As had me turned out of the court," says she, "because I wouldn't pay that old Scotch villin', MACDAWDLER, for a noo safe, by reason of his havin' only mended the old un."

"You mean when you was summonsed," says I; "but that was a long time after you went to the Old Bailey, and at quite another court, Martha."

"Ah," she says, "to think of their appointin me bonnit maker to that court, and me as had done nothing to deserve it, never having made a bonnit in my life, except done up my velvit one for my own wear."

"Martha, Martha," says I, "this is a killin' of me."

"Hooray for the Emperor NAPOLEON," says she.

I undressed one of the "babies" and looked through it to see if I could find any clue to the meanin' of what she was saying of, and there, sure enough, was a account about Mrs. BROWN and the Emperor of the French, which I never see before in my life, stating as how somebody of the name of BROWN had been appointed something to the Empress, and how my wife had made the mistake, thinking it was 'er.

Well, the poor old creetur's wits kept a ramblin' round and round in this way, mixing up all the things she had ever done in her past life in a manner dreadful to listen to.

Sometimes she seemed to be talkin' to people at the sea-side, as she had never met nowhere but in London; and vicey varsey, and at last she fancied

she was a dancin' at the top of the monument with all the characters as she'd ever put in her books joinin' hands in sight of all London.

It was clear as the sad wear and tear of her brain all the long time she'd bin going on so in print had at last got the better of her, and was fast finishing her.

At last she took another turn, and seemed as if the dancin' figgers worried her, and begged 'em to go downstairs and leave her alone, and made believe to take out a bottle and refresh herself. And then she sit up in the bed, and says, "Oh my poor head."

I went off to fetch Mrs. CHALLIN, which got up at once most kind and handsome, though it was in the dead of the night, and from that I runs off to find a doctor.

He knowed what it was the moment I told him the symptoms.

"It's a case of compound delirium of scribblo-mania, Mr. BROWN," says he. "You must prepare for the worst. There's no kindness in concealin' anything from you now," says he; "it's one of the most hopeless cases I ever see. The disease is hard enough to cure in young females, but when it gets 'old of a elderly one neither art nor natur' is of no avail."

"There's only one thing we can do," he says,

“and that’s no cure, but it may give relief. Get a printer’s sheet wet from the press and wrap it round her head. The smell of the ink is very refreshin’, and at the same time,” he says, “remove her from the feather-bed and let her rest on a number of them book-covers, laid end to end, and known as ‘shilling boards.’”

“Whenever there is any access of the delirium,” says he, “damp her slightly, as if she was going to be printed on, and then pass a printer’s roller gently over her body, and if she asks a question tell her that she’ll be published shortly, and that there’s a great demand.

“If you find it necessary to move her,” he says, “and she gets uneasy, tell her it’s a revise. You must always keep up the illusion that they’re in a printin’ office,” he says, “or you can do nothing with ’em. For instance, I’m going to ask her a question, but I doubt as she’ll answer it if put in the ordinary way.”

“Put out your tongue, Mrs. BROWN,” says he.

But she only stared at him as if she didn’t understand a word of it.

“Pull us a proof, then,” says he; and she put out her tongue directly.

“I’ll send her some medicine,” says he, “which must be took out of a ink-bottle, or else she won’t

touch it ; and you can give her a little beef tea when she wants nourishment, but you must be sure to tell her it's folio broth, made out of the parchment covers of old books. If you could get up a noise overhead like the movement of a printin' machine, it would also give her relief."

We did what he told and she became much easier—in particklar when the roller was passed over her body, and she was told she was bein' got ready for the press.

But when this had been done a few times, she seemed to grow tired of it, and at last she rouses herself with a kind of start, and "Why don't they print me," says she.

"You'd better go upstairs and make the noise the doctor spoke of," says Mrs. CHALLIN to me in a whisper.

"They're just a getting the machine ready, dear," says she, as I went out of the room.

I rumbled about and made what noises I could, by dragging chairs over the carpet and jumpin' up and down on the floor in the manner of the man singin' the song called "The Cure ;" but not havin' a very clear idee of printin' myself, I'm afraid I didn't make a very exact imitation, for by the time I'd done it till I was out of breath I heerd my wife callin' out—

“Why don’t they begin to print me, I say?—and stop them boys a larkin’ overhead.”

Just then Mrs. CHALLIN called me, and I run down in a hurry to find my wife a strugglin’ with her, and declarin’ that as nobody would come forward she must do the printin’ herself.

We tried all we could to soothe her, and said as several thousand copies had been struck off already. But no, nothing would put the notion into her mind.

“Why, where’s the press?” says she, looking round. “How can they do the printin’ without a printing-press. We must make one quick.”

We let go of her, thinking it was best to humour her; and then she got a chair and smoothed the seat of it as if to make it flat, and on it she puts the kiver of a old book, which she calls the type.

Then she puts a sheet of plain writin’ paper on the top of that, and another kiver of a old book over all, so as the writing-paper was between the two, sandwidge fashion.

And havin’ made all that preparation, what does she do but sit down with a bump on the whole thing and get up again directly, singin’ out,

“Copy No. 1.”

I stood lookin' at her a minute, wondering what next, when says she to me again "Copy No. 1."

Says I, "What's the meanin' of that, my dear?"

"Take it out of the forms," says she.

I lifted up the book kiver, and produced the writin' paper as clean and white, of course, as when it was put in there.

"Ain't it butifully printed," says the poor creetur, holdin' it up: "we must do some more."

And she kep' up the same onnateral game for over half an hour, bein' supplied every time with a fresh sheet of writin' paper, and then putting it between the two book covers and sitting on it with a bump as seemed to shake the house. It was sollum moments and no mistake.

At last she said the work was finished, and as she felt rather tired she thought she'd have a short nap before goin' on with her second edition.

I left her in the care of Mrs. CHALLIN, and went out for a turn in the cool night air.

Never had I felt so tender to her as at that moment. All the past seemed to be forgotten and forgiven, and I would have given worlds if I could have called back the things I had put on paper against her when she was in her health and strength.

I forgot all about her visits to the play and the opera—her goings on at the Littery Assembly, and her treatment of the Tichborne case, and I thought of her only as the faithful companion of nearly forty years, as the best of mothers and as likewise the best of wives—at least, up to the time when the ink fever got into her head.

And I thought about the literatoor as had caused the only difference between us, and I said some hard things at that literatoor's expense.

When I went in again she was just wakin' up out of her sleep, and a wonderful change seemed to have come over her—she was so quiet, and spoke as I hadn't known her to do for many a day.

"Where am I?" says she, gentle-like.

"You're at home, Martha," says I, gentle-like too.

"What's the time?" says she.

"It's nearly three in the mornin'," says I.

"And where's the lodger," says she; "ain't he come in yet?"

"What lodger?" says I.

"MACFLIMSY," says she.

"Why, he's left ever so long ago," says I.

"Ah, of course, of course," says she, passing her hand over her forehead. "Did he pay his bill?"

It was a wonderful question, and I had never heard her ask the like of it, and so rational too, since first we knew him.

“Yes,” I says, not likin’ to trouble her, “yes Martha, he paid his bill.”

“Let me see the receipt,” says she.

I fetched her that strange bit of paper, in which MACFLIMSY had brought us in in debt to him, though no money had passed on his side as is well known, and says she :

“Why this is no receipt—where’s the payment I say, for all the board and lodging as he had out of us. There’s nothing down on this in the way of a settlement, but the cost of ‘revisin’ my writins.”

“Martha,” says I sollum, “that was all the settlement we ever got.”

“But,” she says, “what does the feller mean by revisin’ my writins—what writins?”

She seemed to be comin’ to her true self more and more every minnit, and it was a touchin’ sight to see. I had never heerd her speak so either of her works, or of that feller before.

“Martha,” I says gently, “perhaps you don’t recollect, but you know you put your hand to some books ——”

“Books,” she says, “books ! let me try and call to mind, I seem to have seen something of the

sort in my dream. What books was they like—what was they about?”

“All sorts of things, Martha,” says I.

“What,” she says—“going to the play—and the sea-side—and such like?”

“That’s it, Martha,” says I.

She kept still for a long time, and seemed to be thinkin’ hard; and by-and-by she looks up with one of the brightest, sweetest smiles I ever see on her face. Oh, so different from that sickly simper she used to have when people talked to her in praise of her works.

“And,” says she, “I think I know all about it now, dear, and I’m quite sensible, and come to myself. Can you forgive me?”

I threw my arms round her neck, and the tears they come down like rain.

“BROWN, dear,” she says, after a bit, “don’t take on so, but tell me you forgive me for all the trouble and pain and worry I’ve caused you in your old age.”

I pressed her close to my heart, and she went on.

“It’s a madness I’ve been suffering from,” she said. “I see it all now. And oh, what a madness!” says she, taking up one of the books laying on the bed, and bearing a horrid picter of herself on the kiver.

“Forget it,” said I, trying gently to take the book away from her, “as it is forgotten and forgiven.”

“No,” she said, smilin’ sweetly; “let me once more look my faults in the face, and try, if I can, to forgive myself, before daring to ask pardon of you.

“And can it be possible, BROWN,” she says, “that I have ever put my name to this nonsense? You know I never used to talk so, dear; and I couldn’t have been in my right senses when I wrote so, neither. I’m not a educated woman, but still I never did make so many mistakes in spelling and grammar as this in the days when I had my wits about me; and I’m sure I never thought such common vulgar thoughts. Why, to look at me as I’ve pictured myself here, you’d fancy all I cared about in the world was eating and drinking and getting my toes trod on in a crowd. You’d think I was such a odious dreadful woman that no man could live with me a day, let alone for nearly forty year, as you have, dearest, kindest, best of old men. Why did you let me go on so? But, after all, it wasn’t your fault at all. You were always too kind and good to me; it is the public I wrote for that must bear the blame. Why did they encourage me? Why did they let me bring out book after

book, with some great subject of the day tacked to it for a title, but with no more of the real bearings of that subject in it than if I had been trying to write in Greek about the Greeks?"

"It was the wit and humour, Martha," I said, willing to ease her mind.

"Wit and humour!" said she; "tell me where you can find a scrap of it in these pages. No, no, I haven't much book learning, but my real natural sense can guide me a little; and I see no fun in a silly old woman living as it were constantly in the middle of the "spill and pelt" of a pantomime. Take any one thing I've written, BROWN, and putting all the bad spelling of it aside, look at the real meanin' of the idea—what is it?—nothing.

"Tell the English people," says she, gettin' fainter and fainter every minute, "that I am sorry for myself; and I 'umbly beg pardon of all the world—of the great writers whose works I have spoiled the flavour of, by putting false tastes into the minds of the risin' generation—of all the great names in the other departments which I have used familiar on purpose to raise a vulgar laugh; tell 'em that they have their revenge of me, for in my last moments such laughter sounded to me only like a mockery of my own emptiness and pride; and that

if I could live my life over again it should be spent in washing out the memory of such applause in repenting tears.

“And if Linley Murray’s alive, Brown, make it right with him after I’m gone. Though I never knowed much of him, I was always taught to respect his name at school; and I know I’ve done him hard, delib’rate wrong.”

I give her a little water to cool her lips with, and she went on:—

“And tell the washerwomen, and the other old women of England, oh! tell ’em,” she says, “from me, to stick to their tubs and their stitching, and not to dip their hands wantonly in the ink of their fellow creatures. Ink is still a beautiful colour in my eyes,” says she, “for many’s the brave message it’s carried to the world. The works of Shakspeare was written in it, and many more. But, oh! it’s dreadful to see it shed for nothing—to see it used to stain innocent white paper with a pattern of foolishness and lies. Never let ’em forget,” she says, “that soapsuds, too, is a noble element in its way, and them as is cut out for it may write as beautiful works in that as in the other material.

“But be sure you bear my message to the English people, which is this—‘Look before you

laugh,' know what you're laughing at, and why you do it.

"Laughter's as precious as tears, and it's as bad to be cheated out of one as t'other. It's a great and powerful thing, and it can turn the scale against right or against might, according to how it is used. It's one of the things by which human beings shows they're responsible for their acts and different from the beasts of the field. What then? Will you give it away as a gift of no vally to the first mummer that pulls a grimace for you in the 'ighway? Rather use your whip of scorn on his shoulders and bring out the tears that perhaps are gathered up behind his grin. They will have flowed for some good if they wash out of his face the wrinkles of vanity and folly.

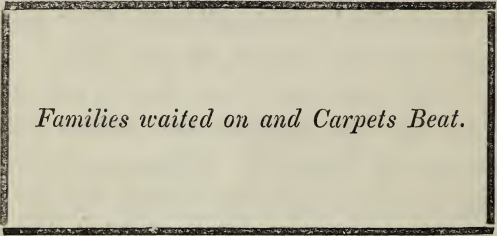
"But men will not willingly let a foolish thing die, and pretenders will perhaps come after me, BROWN, publishin' works in my signature. Let the world know, BROWN, that they're make-believes, and that I'm gone, and tell 'em that a hearty wish that everything writ in her name might perish was the last of the earthly goings on of Mrs. BROWN."

A few moments more and the last scene was over, and one of the best and most misguided of

women and of wives ceased to trouble the world no more.

I have no heart to add a moral: it is writ in her life.

MR. BROWN.



Families waited on and Carpets Beat.

THE END.



Clarendon House, upon the site and with the materials of which 74, Piccadilly, was built.—See EVELYN and PEPYS.

VERY IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS. Special List for 1872.

**** NOTE.**—In order to ensure the correct delivery of the actual Works or Particular Editions specified in this List, the Name of the Publisher **SHOULD BE DISTINCTLY GIVEN.** Stamps or a Post-Office Order may be remitted direct to the Publisher, who will forward per return.

When "DIRECT application" is requested, the Trade will please communicate with Mr. Hotten.

A Splendid New Gift-Book.

The uncertain and evanescent character of all books illustrated by Photography is so well known, that it was thought a Gathering of our finest Modern Paintings, engraved upon Steel in the highest style of art, would form an acceptable Gift-Book.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS.

A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries, 1800–1870. Including examples by WILKIE, CONSTABLE, J. M. W. TURNER, MULREADY, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, MACLISE, LESLIE, E. M. WARD, FRITH, JOHN GILBERT, ANSDELL, MARCUS STONE, Sir NOEL PATON, EYRE CROWE, O'NEIL, FAED, MADOX BROWN. All Engraved in the highest style of Art by the most Eminent English Engravers. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. The whole forming a Magnificent Volume, in imperial 4to, bound in Byzantine cloth gilt, 21s.

****** The value of the Paintings here indelibly reflected by the engraver's art is estimated at £50,000. IT IS AN ART BOOK FOR ALL TIME.

AARON PENLEY'S SKETCHING IN WATER COLOURS. 21s.

By the Author of "The English School of Painting in Water-Colours," &c. ILLUSTRATED WITH BEAUTIFUL CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS, produced with the utmost care to resemble original WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS. Small folio, the text tastefully printed, in handsome binding, gilt edges, suitable for the Drawing-room table, price 21s.

****** It has long been felt that the magnificent work of the great English master of Painting in Water-colours, published at £4 4s., was too dear for general circulation. The above embodies all the instructions of the distinguished author, with fine Specimens of Water-colour Painting. A MOST CHARMING PRESENT FOR A YOUNG LADY.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

MR. HOTTEN'S NEW BOOKS OF HUMOUR.

"The Public are indebted to Mr. Hotten for the BEST collection of HUMOROUS WORKS in the English language; and living as we do in the midst of sufferings, anxieties, and serious occupations, which tend to produce solemn rather than light, blithesome thoughts, the public ought to be, and are, very much indebted to him."—TABLET, May 20, 1871.

Companion to "*Luck of Roaring Camp*."

STORIES of the SIERRAS; and other Sketches.

By BRET HARTE. With a Wild Story of Western Life by JOAQUIN MILLER, Author of "*Songs of the Sierras*." 1s., paper; 2s. 6d., cloth.

** This work and "*Luck of Roaring Camp*" give the whole of the exquisite sketches the author has written. They form the most complete collection published here or in America.



"SHAVING THEM;" Adven-

tures of 3 Yankees on the Continent of Europe. By TITUS A. BRICK, Esq. 1s., paper; 2s. 6d., cloth.

** A most enjoyable book. The wit and impudence of these free-and easy tourists will take the starch out of the sternest Britisher.

PRACTICAL JOKES; or,

Mirth with Artemus Ward, and Other Papers. By MARK TWAIN. 1s., paper; 2s. 6d., cloth.

** Readers of genial Artemus Ward's books will here find some delightful reminiscences of "*DELICIOUS ARTEMUS*," as Charles Reade, the novelist, was wont to call the popular humourist. The connection of two such names as MARK TWAIN and ARTEMUS WARD will indicate to the reader the pleasant feast in store for him.

COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS (The). By PAUL

DU CHAILLU. New book of hair-breadth escapes. Reveals a new world to the reader. 1s., paper; 3s. 6d., cloth; full-page illustrations. Full of Astounding Adventures.

New and Powerful Romance in the Style of Sir Walter Scott's Famous Novels.

MARY HOLLIS: a Romance of the Days of

Charles II. and William Prince of Orange. This day, at all Libraries, price £1 11s. 6d.

** Readers who care for something entirely different from the ordinary run of novels will not be disappointed with this work.

Prose Story of "*The Bells*," at Lyceum.

POLISH JEW (The). From the French of MM.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Dramatisations of this story—more romantic and stirring than any of the authors' previous works—are being nightly performed at Lyceum and other theatres. Price 1s., by post 1s. 2d.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON. Exhibiting the most Rare and Remarkable Objects of Interest in the Metropolis; with nearly Sixty Years' Personal Recollections. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. New Edition, Corrected and Enlarged, 21s.

* * * *"A most valuable and interesting work, and a mine of information to all who desire any particulars about London, past and present. It contains nearly 1,000 closely printed pages."*



BOW CHURCH AND CHEAPSIDE, 1750.

LONDON CHARACTERS: The Humour, Pathos, and Peculiarities of London Life. By HENRY MAYHEW (Author of "London Labour and the London Poor") and other Writers. With upwards of 70 Characteristic Illustrations of London Life. Crown 8vo, 480 pages, 7s. 6d.

KNIGHT'S (Charles) PICTORIAL HISTORY OF LONDON, Ancient and Modern. With nearly 700 Engravings of Buildings, Antiquities, Costumes, Remarkable Characters, Curiosities, &c., &c. 6 vols., imp. 8vo, bound in 3, cloth neat, 35s.

* * * *The most delightful book ever written about Old and Modern London. It is a perfect mine of information, and should be in every English Library. If looked at from the point of cheapness alone, the work is a perfect marvel, containing as it does more than 2,500 large and handsomely printed pages, crowded with pictures.*

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

THE HISTORY OF ADVERTISING, in all Ages and Countries. A Companion to the "HISTORY OF SIGNBOARDS." With many very amusing Anecdotes and Examples of Successful Advertisers. By Messrs. LARWOOD and HOTTEN. [In preparation.]

MARY HOLLIS: A Romance of the Days of Charles II. and William Prince of Orange. From the Dutch of H. J. SCHIMMEL, "the Sir Walter Scott of Holland." 3 vols., cr. 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.

* * This novel relates to one of the most interesting periods of our history. It has created the greatest excitement on the Continent, where it quickly passed through several editions. It is now translated from the Dutch with the assistance of the author.

New Series of Illustrated Humorous Novels.

1. **THE STORY OF A HONEYMOON.** By CHAS. H. ROSS and AMBROSE CLARKE. With numerous Illustrations, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

* * An inimitable story of the adventures and troubles of a newly-married couple. Not unlike Mr. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts."

2. **CENT. PER CENT.: A Story Written upon a Bill Stamp.** By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

* * A capital novel, "intended not only for City readers, but for all interested in money matters."—*Athenæum*.

MELCHIOR GORLES. By HENRY AITCHENBIE. 3 vols., 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.

* * The New Novel, illustrative of "Mesmeric Influence," or whatever else we may choose to term that strange power which some persons exercise over others.

YANKEE DROLLERIES. Edited by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Containing ARTEMUS WARD, BIGLOW PAPERS, ORPHEUS C. KERR, MAJOR JACK DOWNING, and NASBY PAPERS. One of the Cheapest Books ever published. New Edition, on toned paper, cloth extra, 700 pages, 3s. 6d.

MORE YANKEE DROLLERIES. A Second Series of Celebrated Works by the best American Humorists. ARTEMUS WARD'S TRAVELS; HANS BREITMANN; PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE; BIGLOW PAPERS, Part II.; JOSH BILLINGS. Introduction by G. A. SALA. Cr. 8vo, 700 pages, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Third Supply of YANKEE DROLLERIES. The best recent Works of American Humorists. A. WARD'S FENIANS, MARK TWAIN, AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE, BRET HARTE, INNOCENTS ABROAD. Introduction by G. A. SALA. Crown 8vo, 700 pages, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

* * An entirely new gathering of Transatlantic humour. Fourteen thousand copies have been sold of the first and second series.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

GEORGE COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS.



BROAD GRINS. *My Nightgown and Slippers, and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN the Younger.* Now first collected, with Life and Anecdotes of the Author, by GEORGE B. BUCKSTONE. Crown 8vo, 500 pages, 7s. 6d.

*** Admirers of genuine old English wit and humour—irresistible and always fresh—will be delighted with the collected edition of George Colman's humorous works. As a wit, he has had no equal in our time; and a man with a tithe of his ability could, at the present day, make the fortune of any one of our so-called "comic journals," and bankrupt the rest.*

Are you Engaged? If so, procure
**ADVICE TO PARTIES ABOUT
TO MARRY.** A Series of Instructions in Jest and Earnest. By the

Hon. HUGH ROWLEY. With Humorous Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d., elegantly bound.

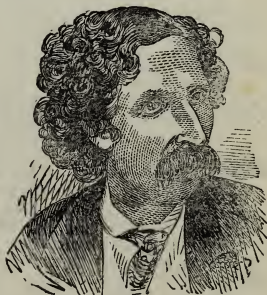
*** Before taking the "awful plunge" be sure to consult this little work. If it is not a guarantee against life-long misery, it will at least be found of great assistance in selecting a partner for life.*

SEYMOUR'S SKETCHES. *A Companion Volume to "Leech's Pictures."* The Book of Cockney Sports, Whims, and Oddities. Nearly 200 highly amusing Illustrations. Oblong 4to, a handsome volume, half morocco, price 12s.

*** A re-issue of the famous pictorial comicalities which were so popular thirty years ago. The volume is admirably adapted for a table-book, and the pictures will doubtless again meet with that popularity which was extended towards them when the artist projected with Mr. Dickens the famous "Pickwick Papers."*

**THE GENIAL SHOWMAN ; or,
Adventures with Artemus Ward,
and the Story of his Life.** By E. P. HINGSTON, companion of Artemus Ward during the latter's Adventures. Cheap and popular Edition, cr. 8vo, illustrated by Brunton, 7s. 6d.

*** This is a most interesting work. It gives Sketches of Show-Life in the Far West, on the Pacific Coast, among the Mines of California, in Salt Lake City, and across the Rocky Mountains; including chapters descriptive of Artemus Ward's visit to England.*



JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

Capital Shilling Books.

BISMARCK: *The Story of his Career, told for Popular Reading.* By MR. GEO. BULLEN, of the British Museum. 1s.

*** An admirable account of the "Man of Blood and Iron;" giving numerous very characteristic anecdotes.*

THE CONSCRIPT: *A Story of the French and German War of 1813.* By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. 1s.

*** The only unabridged English translation published.*

WATERLOO. *A Story of the War of 1814.* By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. *The only unabridged translation.* 1s.

KILLED AT SAARBRÜCK: *An Englishman's Adventures during the War.* By EDWARD LEGGE, Correspondent at the Seat of War. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s.

NEVER CAUGHT: *The thrilling Narrative of a Blockade Runner during the American War.* 1s.

CHIPS FROM A ROUGH LOG. *Amusing Account of a Voyage to the Antipodes.* 1s.

THACKERAY, the Humourist and Man of Letters. *A Story of his Life.* By the Author of the "Life of Dickens." 1s.

HOWARD PAUL'S New Story Book, Lord BYRON in LOVE, &c. 1s.

MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD. *A delightful Adaptation.* By ORPHEUS C. KERR. 1s.

POLICEMAN Y: His Opinions on War and the Millingitary. *With Illustrations by SODEN.* Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s.

*** Readers of Thackeray's "Policeman X Ballads" will be much amused with the "Opinions" of his brother officer, "Policeman Y."*

BIGLOW PAPERS. By J. R. LOWELL. *The best and fullest edition of these Humorous and very Clever Verses.* 1s.

ORPHEUS C. KERR [Office-Seeker] PAPERS. By R. S. NEWELL. *A most mirth-provoking work.* 1s.

JOSH BILLINGS: His Book of Sayings. *Exceedingly droll, and of world-wide reputation.* 1s.

VERE VEREKER'S VENGEANCE. By TOM HOOD. *A delightful piece of humour.* *Idiotically illustrated by BRUNTON.* 1s.

WIT AND HUMOUR. *Verses by O. W. HOLMES, Author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."* 1s.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

THE STANDARD EDITION.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Profusely Illustrated by ERNEST GRISET. Edited, with a New Account of the Origin of Robinson Crusoe, by WILLIAM LEE, Esq. Crown 8vo, 5s.

*** This edition deserves special attention from the fact that it is the only correct one that has been printed since the time of Defoe. By the kindness of Mr. Lee a copy of the rare and valuable original, in three vols., was deposited with the printers during the progress of the work, and all those alterations and blunders which have been discovered in every recent edition are in this case avoided. There is no living artist better adapted to the task of illustrating Crusoe than Ernest Griset.*

LEGENDS OF SAVAGE LIFE. By JAMES GREENWOOD, the famous Author of "A Night in a Workhouse." With 36 inimitably droll Illustrations, drawn and coloured by ERNEST GRISET, the English Gustave Doré. 4to, coloured, 7s. 6d.; plain, 5s.

*** The pictures are among the most surprising which have come from this artist's pencil.*

"A Munchausen sort of book. The drawings by M. Griset are very powerful and eccentric."—Saturday Review.

Walk up! Walk up! and see the

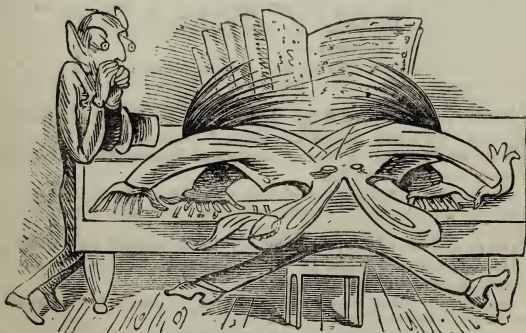
FOOL'S PARADISE; with the Many Wonderful Adventures there, as seen in the strange, surprising

PEEP-SHOW OF PROFESSOR WOLLEY COBBLE,

Raree Showman these Five-and-Twenty Years.

N.B.—Money Returned if the Performance not Approved of. Private Parties attended on the Shortest Notice.

Crown 4to, with nearly 200 immensely funny Pictures, all beautifully Coloured.



THE PROFESSOR'S LEETLE MUSIC LESSON.

*** One of the drollest, most comical books ever published.*

THE HATCHET-THROWERS. With Thirty-six Illustrations, coloured after the inimitably grotesque Drawings of ERNEST GRISET. 4to, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; plates uncoloured, 5s.


*** Comprises the astonishing adventures of Three Ancient Mariners, the Brothers Brass of Bristol, Mr. Corker, and Mungo Midge.*

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

WORKS BY BRET HARTE.

WIDELY KNOWN FOR THEIR EXQUISITE PATHOS AND DELIGHTFUL HUMOUR.

 BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE goes into raptures over this Author, and gives page after page to prove that he is a literary star of undoubted brilliancy.

1. **LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and other Stories.** By BRET HARTE. Crown 8vo, toned paper, 3s. 6d.; a paper edition, 1s.

*** The "Saturday Review" devoted three columns to the praise of these marvellous stories. "Chambers's Journal" gives several pages under the heading, "A New Transatlantic Genius." The "Spectator" is delighted with this new author; and readers are everywhere asking for his books.*

2. **THAT HEATHEN CHINEE, and other Humorous Poems.**

By BRET HARTE. Cloth, very neat, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d.

*** An entirely new style of humour. Since the publication of these poems in this country, extracts from them have been copied and re-copied into every newspaper throughout the country, giving the public an infinity of delight.*

3. **SENSATION NOVELS.** Condensed by BRET HARTE.

Price 2s. 6d., cloth, neat; or, in paper, 1s. 6d.

*** A most enjoyable book. Here are the titles of some of the "Sensation Novels:":*
SELINA SEDILIA: by Miss M. E. B-dd-n and Mrs. H-n-y W-d. FANTINE: after the French of Victor Hugo. TERENCE DEUVILLE: by Ch-l-s L-v-r. THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD: by Sir Ed-d L-tt-n B-lw-r. THE NINEZY-NINE GUARDSMEN: by Al-x-a-d-r D-m-s. MR. MIDSHIPMAN BREEZY, A Naval Officer: by Captain M-rry-t, R.N. GUY HEAVYSTONE; or, "ENTIRE:" A Muscular Novel: by the Author of "Sword and Gun." THE HAUNTED MAN: A Christmas Story: by Ch-r-s D-c-k-n-s. MARY MCGILLUP: A Southern Novel: after Belle Boyd. MISS MIX: by Ch-l-tte Br-ntë. NO TITLE: by W-lk-e C-ll-n-s.

4. **LOTHAW: or, The Adventures of a Young Gentleman in Search of a Religion.** By Mr. BENJAMINS (Bret Harte). Price 6d. Curiously Illustrated.

*** A most mirth-making little volume. Readers of a recent popular novel will enjoy it with considerable relish. It is so droll, so entirely new, that it cannot fail to amuse.*

5. **Illustrated Edition of THAT HEATHEN CHINEE, and Poems.** By BRET HARTE. With "That Heathen Chinee" set to Music by STEPHEN TUCKER, Author of "Beautiful Isle of the Sea." Cloth, very neat, 3s. 6d.

*** These are the Illustrations which have so tickled our American cousins. There's a sort of "kick-up-your-heels" delight about them. In a word, they're immense!*

6. **EAST AND WEST.** The New Volume of Verse. By BRET HARTE, Author of "That Heathen Chinee." Cloth, very neat, 2s. 6d.; or in paper, 1s. 6d.

*** Readers who found pleasure in reading this Author's first books will not be disappointed with this new work.*

COMPANION TO BRET HARTE'S "HEATHEN CHINEE."

- LITTLE BREECHES, and other Pieces, Descriptive and Pathetic.** By Col. JOHN HAY. Cloth, neat, 2s. 6d.; in paper, 1s. 6d.

*** The dramatic fire and vigour of these PIKE COUNTY BALLADS will startle English readers. The last lines of the first ballad are simply terrific,—something entirely different from what any English author would dream of, much less put on paper.*

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

NEW BOOK ON THE LONDON PARKS.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON PARKS. By JACOB LARWOOD.

With numerous Illustrations, COLOURED AND PLAIN. Vol. I., Hyde Park; Vol. II., St. James's Park and the Green Park. Price 18s. the Two Volumes.



* * This is a new and most interesting work, giving a complete History of these favourite out-of-door resorts, from the earliest period to the present time. The fashions, the promenades, the rides, the reviews, and other displays in the Parks, from the merry days of Charles II. down to the present airings in Rotten Row and drives "around the ring," are all fully given, together with the exploits of bold highwaymen and the duels of rival lovers, and other appellants to the Code of Honour.

SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood, by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., JOHN GILBERT, W. HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK. 8vo, pp. 450, cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

* * One of the most delightful of this favourite Author's works. As a picture of Irish domestic life it has no superior.

"The Irish Sketches of this lady resemble Miss Mitford's beautiful English Sketches in 'Our Village,' but they are far more vigorous and picturesque and bright."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

DROLLS OF OLD CORNWALL; or, Popular Romances of the West of England. Collected and Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. New Popular Edition, complete in one vol., with Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Price 7s. 6d.



* * "Mr. Hunt's charming book on the Drolls and Stories of the West of England."—*Saturday Review*.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

WORKS BY MARK TWAIN.

WIDELY KNOWN FOR THEIR FRESH AND DELIGHTFUL HUMOUR.

1.—*PLEASURE TRIP ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.*

By MARK TWAIN. 500 pages, 2s. ; or in cloth, 3s.

* * TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP is also issued in two-vol. form under the title of

2.—*"THE INNOCENTS ABROAD."* By MARK TWAIN.

THE VOYAGE OUT. Cloth, neat, fine toned paper, "SUPERIOR EDITION," 3s. 6d. ; or in paper, 1s.

3.—*THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.* By MARK TWAIN.

THE VOYAGE HOME. Cloth, neat, fine toned paper, "SUPERIOR EDITION," 3s. 6d. ; or in paper, 1s.

* * Readers who approved of this Author's quaint story of "*The Jumping Frog*," will be very well satisfied with the "*New Pilgrim's Progress*:" there has been no work like it issued here for years.

4.—*BURLESQUE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY," "FIRST MEDIAEVAL ROMANCE," AND "ON CHILDREN."* By MARK TWAIN. 6d.



5.—*THE JUMPING FROG, and other Humorous Sketches.*

By MARK TWAIN. 1s.

"An inimitably funny book."—*Saturday Review.*

6.—*EYE-OPENERS.* A volume of immensely Funny Sayings, and Stories that will bring a smile upon the gruffest countenance. By the celebrated MARK TWAIN. Cloth, neat, 2s. 6d. ; Cheap Paper Edition, 1s.

7.—*SCREAMERS.* A Gathering of Delicious Bits and Short Stories, by the renowned MARK TWAIN. Cloth, neat, 5s. 6d. ; Cheap Paper Edition, 1s.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S MOST CHARACTERISTIC WORKS.
RABELAIS. Faithfully translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Cloth neat, 600 pages. Price 7s. 6d.

*** When it is stated that this is a "faithful translation," scholars will know what is meant. The 60 full-page Illustrations are in the Artist's best and most fantastic manner.*

COCKAYNES IN PARIS, The; or, an English Family Abroad. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With MOST AMUSING thumb-nail SKETCHES of the ENGLISH by GUSTAVE DORÉ, taken on the Rail, the Steam-boat, and the Pavement. Price 7s. 6d.*

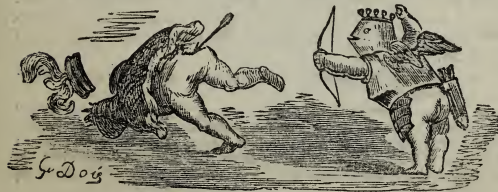
*** Returned tourists who would like to see themselves from a French point of view, will be greatly diverted with this new travel-book. The pictures are very droll, and give the exact notions of foreigners concerning us. One of these notions is that all English ladies and gentlemen breathe through their mouths instead of through their noses, hence our mouths are always open, our teeth protrude, and we are continually on the grin. Some of their caricatures of our weaknesses are not wholly devoid of truth.*

CAPTAIN CASTAGNETTE: His Surprising, almost Incredible Adventures. 4to, with GUSTAVE DORÉ's Illustrations. Price 1s. 9d. (sells at 5s.) Apply DIRECT to Mr. HOTTEN for this book.

Hotten's Edition of "CONTES DROLATIQUES" (Droll Tales collected from the Abbeys of Lorraine), par BALZAC. With 425 Marvellous, Extravagant, and Fantastic Woodcuts by DORÉ. Beautifully printed, thick 8vo, half morocco, Roxburghe. 12s. 6d.

*** The most singular designs ever attempted by any artist. So crammed is the book with pictures that even the contents are adorned with thirty-three illustrations. DIRECT application must be made to Mr. HOTTEN for this work.*

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S FAVOURITE PENCIL SKETCHES.
HISTORICAL CARTOONS; or, Rough Pencillings of the World's History from the First to the Nineteenth Century. By GUSTAVE DORÉ. With admirable letterpress descriptions by THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A. Oblong 4to, handsome Table Book. Price 7s. 6d.



*** This is a new book of daring and inimitable designs, which will excite considerable attention, and doubtless command a very wide circulation.*

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

THE COLLECTOR; Essays on Books, Newspapers, Pictures, Inns, Authors, Doctors, Holidays, Actors, Preachers. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN; with an Introduction by Dr. DORAN. Half morocco, 6s.

*** *A charming volume of delightful Essays, and a Companion to John Hill Burton's "Book-Hunter."*

LITERARY COPYRIGHT. Seven Letters addressed by permission to Earl Stanhope, D.C.L., F.R.S. By JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. Price 5s.

"A sensible and valuable little book."—*Athenæum*.

"We agree with Mr. Hotten."—*Saturday Review*.

OLD DRAMATISTS—NEW EDITIONS.

MARLOWE'S (Christopher) WORKS; Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Lieut. Col. F. CUNNINGHAM. Cr. 8vo, Portrait, cloth, 4s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 5s.

MASSINGER'S (Philip) PLAYS. From the Text of WM. GIFFORD. With the addition of the Tragedy of "Believe as You List." Edited by Lieut. Col. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, Portrait. Cloth, 4s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 5s.

BEN JONSON'S WORKS. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Lieut. Col. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM. Complete in 3 vols., crown 8vo, Portrait, cloth, 4s. 6d. each; cloth gilt, 5s. each.

LIFE AND NEWLY-DISCOVERED WRITINGS OF DANIEL DEFOE. Comprising Several Hundred Important Essays, Pamphlets, and other Writings, now first brought to light, after many years' diligent search. By WILLIAM LEE, Esq. With Facsimiles and Illustrations. 3 vols., uniform with "Macaulay's History of England." 36s.

A VERY USEFUL BOOK.—In folio, half morocco, cloth sides, 7s. 6d.

LITERARY SCRAPS, CUTTINGS from NEWSPAPERS, EXTRACTS, MISCELLANEA, &c. A FOLIO SCRAP-BOOK OF 340 COLUMNS, formed for the reception of Cuttings, &c., with guards.

*** *A most useful volume, and one of the cheapest ever sold.*

THE ROSICRUCIANS; their Rites and Mysteries. With Chapters on the Ancient Fire and Serpent Worshippers, and Explanations of the Mystic Symbols represented in the Monuments and Talismans of the Primeval Philosophers. By HAR- GRAVE JENNINGS. 10s. 6d.

*** *A volume of startling facts and opinions upon this very mysterious subject, illustrated by nearly 300 engravings.*

"Curious as many of Mr. Hotten's works have been, the volume now under notice is, among them all, perhaps the most remarkable. The work purports to describe the Rites and Mysteries of the Rosicrucians. It dilates on the ancient Fire and Serpent Worshippers. The Author has certainly devoted an enormous amount of labour to these memorials of the Rose-Cross—otherwise the Rosicrucians."—*The Sun*.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON,

Very Important New Books.

HOGARTH'S FIVE DAYS'

Frolic; or, "Peregrinations by Land and Water." Illustrated with TINTED DRAWINGS, made by HOGARTH and SCOTT during the Journey. 4to, beautifully printed, 1os. 6d.

*** A graphic and most extraordinary picture of the hearty English times in which these merry artists lived.



ACROSTICS, in Prose and

Verse. Edited by A. E. H. 12mo, gilt cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

— SECOND SERIES, cloth gilt, 3s.

— THIRD SERIES, cloth gilt, 3s.

— FOURTH SERIES. With 8 Pictorial Acrostics. Cloth gilt, 3s.

— FIFTH SERIES. An entirely New and Original Work. Cloth elegant, 4s. 6d.

— SUPPLEMENT, under the title of "Easy Double, Historical, and Scriptural Acrostics." Cloth gilt, 3s.

*** Each series sold separately. These are the best volumes of Acrostics ever issued. They comprise Single, Double, Treble, and every variety of acrostic, and the set would amuse the younger members of a family for an entire winter.

The Five Series Complete in a Case, "The Acrostic Box," price 15s.

WONDERFUL CHARACTERS: Memoirs and Anecdotes

of Remarkable and Eccentric Persons of Every Age and Nation.

From the text of HENRY WILSON and JAMES CAULFIELD. 8vo,

with SIXTY-ONE FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS OF EXTRAORDINARY

PERSONS, price 7s. 6d.



This was written by
James Caulfield

from
Henry Wilson

*** There are so many curious matters discussed in this volume, that any person who takes it up will not readily lay it down. The introduction is almost entirely devoted to a consideration of Pig-Faced Ladies, and the various stories concerning them.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

For Gold and Silversmiths.

PRIVATE BOOK OF USEFUL ALLOYS AND MEMORANDA
for **GOLDSMITHS** and **JEWELLERS**. By **JAMES E. COLLINS, C.E.**,
of Birmingham. Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d.

*** *The secrets of the Gold and Silversmiths' Art are here given, for the benefit of young Apprentices and Practitioners. It is an invaluable book to the Trade.*

THE STANDARD WORK ON DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES: *their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality.* By **HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S.**
With numerous Illustrations, tinted and plain. New Edition.
Prices brought down to the present time, full gilt, 6s.



"Will be acceptable to many readers."—*Times'* review of three columns.

"An invaluable work for buyers and sellers."—*Spectator*.

*** *This Second Edition is greatly superior to the previous one. It gives the latest market value for Diamonds and Precious Stones of every size.*

GUNTER'S MODERN CONFECTIONER. The Best Book
on Confectionery and Desserts. An Entirely New Edition of this
Standard Work, adapted for Private Families or Large Establish-
ments. By **WILLIAM JEANES**, Chief Confectioner at Messrs.
GUNTER'S, Berkeley Square. With Plates, 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.

"All housekeepers should have it."—*Daily Telegraph*.

*** *This work has won for itself the reputation of being the Standard English Book on the preparation of all kinds of Confectionery, and on the arrangement of Desserts.*

HOUSEKEEPER'S ASSISTANT. A Collection of the most
valuable Recipes, carefully written down for future use by Mrs.
B—, during her Forty Years' active Service. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

*** *As much as two guineas have been paid for a copy of this invaluable little work.*

THE YOUNG BOTANIST: A Popular Guide to Elementary Botany. By **T. S. RALPH**, of the Linnæan Society. In 1 vol.,
with 300 Drawings from Nature, 2s. 6d. plain; 4s. Coloured by hand.

*** *An excellent book for the young beginner. The objects selected as illustrations are either easy of access as specimens of wild plants, or are common in gardens.*

CHAMPAGNE: its History, Manufacture, Properties, &c. By **CHARLES TOVEY**, Author of "Wine and Wine Countries,"
"British and Foreign Spirits," &c., Cr. 8vo, numerous illustrations, 5s.

*** *A practical work, by one of the largest champagne merchants in London.*

BRIGHAM'S (Dr. A.) MENTAL EXERTION: Its Influence on Health. With Notes and Remarks on Dyspepsia of
Literary Men. By **ARTHUR LEARED, M.D.** 8vo, boards, 1s. 6d.

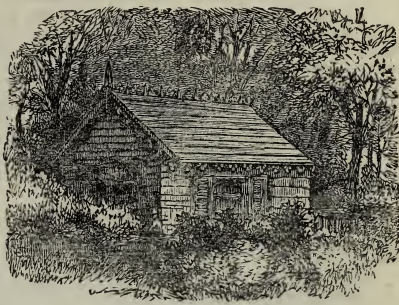
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

CHARLES DICKENS—*The Story of his Life.* By the Author of "The Life of Thackeray." Price 7s. 6d., with NUMEROUS PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS, 370 pp.

"Anecdotes seem to have poured in upon the author from all quarters. . . Turn where we will through these 370 pleasant pages, something worth reading is sure to meet the eye."—*The Standard*.

Dickens's Life : Another Edition, without Illustrations, uniform with the "CHARLES DICKENS EDITION," and forming a Supplementary Volume to that favourite issue, crimson cloth, 3s. 6d.



DICKENS'S SUMMER HOUSE.

Dickens's Life.—CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, in paper, 2s.

DICKENS'S SPEECHES, Literary and Social.—Now first collected. With Chapters on "Charles Dickens as a Letter Writer, Poet, and Public Reader." Price 7s. 6d., with Fine Portrait by Count D'ORSAY, 370 pages.



*** "His capital speeches. Every one of them reads like a page of 'Pickwick.'"—*The Critic*.

"His speeches are as good as any of his printed writings."—*The Times*.

Dickens's Speeches.—Uniform with the "CHARLES DICKENS EDITION," and forming a Supplementary Volume to that favourite issue, crimson cloth, 3s. 6d.

Dickens's Speeches.—CHEAP EDITION, without Portrait, in paper wrapper, 2s.

HUNTED DOWN. A Story by CHARLES DICKENS. With some Account of Wainewright, the Poisoner. Price 6d.

*** A powerful and intensely thrilling story, now first printed in book-form in this country.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

RUSKIN AND CRUIKSHANK. "German Popular Stories."

Collected by the Brothers GRIMM. Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited by JOHN RUSKIN. With Twenty-two Illustrations after the inimitable designs of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. BOTH SERIES COMPLETE. Cloth, 8vo, 6s. 6d.; gilt leaves, 7s. 6d.

* * These are the designs which Mr. Ruskin has praised so highly, placing them far above all Cruikshank's other works of a similar character. So rare had the original book (published in 1823-1826) become, that £5 to £6 per copy was an ordinary price.

"FAMILY FAIRY TALES;" or, *Glimpses of Elfland at Heatherston Hall.* Edited by CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL, Author of "Puck on Pegasus," &c. Adorned with beautiful Pictures of "My Lord Lion," "King Uggermugger," and other Great Folks. Handsomely printed on toned paper, in cloth, green and gold, price 4s. 6d. plain, 5s. 6d. coloured.

* * This charming volume has been universally praised by the critical press.

SCHOOL LIFE AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE; or, *The Reminiscences of a Winchester Junior.* By the Author of "The Log of the Water Lily," and "The Water Lily on the Danube." Second Edition, Revised, COLOURED PLATES, 7s. 6d.



* * This book does for Winchester what "Tom Brown's School Days" did for Rugby.

PRINCE UBBELY BUBBLE'S NEW STORY BOOK. *The Dragon all Covered with Spikes; The Long-tailed Nag; The Three One-legged Men; The Old Fly and the Young Fly; Tom and the Ogre; and many other Tales.* By J. TEMPLETON LUCAS. With numerous Illustrations by MATT MORGAN, BARNES, GORDON THOMPSON, BRUNTON, and other Artists. In small 4to, green and gold, 4s. 6d.; gilt leaves, 5s. 6d.

* * The Times devoted a special column in praise of this New Story Book.

MADGE AND THE FAIRY CONTENT. A charming Child's Story. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. Intended to inculcate a spirit of Contentment. With nearly 100 Pictures of the Industry requisite to produce the Christmas Pudding. 4s. 6d.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S LIFE OF HIMSELF. Edited by the Rev. W. R. CLARK, M.A., Vicar of Taunton. 4to, cloth, full of curious Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

* * A most amusing Present for a child. It is an exact facsimile of the autobiography of a boy between six and seven years of age, as written by himself in his copy-book.

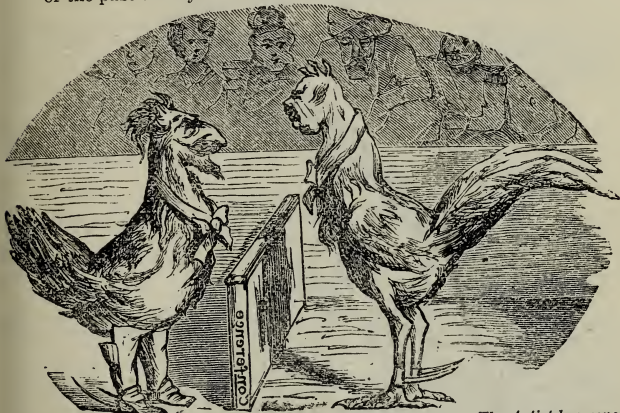
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

NAPOLEON III., THE MAN OF HIS TIME:

PART I.—The STORY OF THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III., as told by JAS. W. HASWELL.

PART II.—The SAME STORY, as told by the POPULAR CARICATURES of the past Thirty-five Years. Crown 8vo, 400 pages, 7s. 6d.



* * The object of this Work is to give Both Sides of the Story. The Artist has gone over the entire ground of Continental and English Caricatures for the last third of a century, and a very interesting book is the result.

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANACK. A Nineteen Years' gathering of the BEST HUMOUR, the WITTIEST SAYINGS, the Drollest Quips, and the Best Things of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, 1835-1853. With nearly Two Thousand Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by the inimitable CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Series, Crown 8vo, each of 600 pages, price 7s. 6d. each.



* * A most extraordinary gathering of the best wit and humour of the past half-century. Readers can purchase one Series and judge for themselves. The work forms a "Comic History of England" for twenty years.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

FLAGELLATION and the FLAGELLANTS; A History of the Rod in all Countries, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. WILLIAM COOPER, B.A. With numerous Illustrations. Thick crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

THE ROD
IN
THE CHURCH,
CONVENT,
MONASTERY,
PRISON,
ARMY, NAVY,
IN PUBLIC
AND
IN PRIVATE.



THE BIRCH
IN
THE FAMILY,
LADIES' SEMINARIES,
BOYS' SCHOOLS,
COLLEGES,
THE BOUDOIR,
Ancient and Modern.

* * "A very remarkable, and certainly a very readable volume. Those who care for quaint stories of the birch will find much matter for reflection, and not a little amusement, in Mr. Cooper's 'Flagellation' Book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE, from a Cottage to a Mansion.

A Practical Guide to Members of Building Societies, and all interested in Selecting or Building a House. By C. J. RICHARDSON, Architect, Author of "Old English Mansions," &c. Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged, with nearly 600 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 550 pages, cloth, 7s. 6d.



* * This Work might not inappropriately be termed "A Book of Houses." It gives every variety of house, from a workman's cottage to a nobleman's palace. The book is intended to supply a want long felt, viz., a plain non-technical account of every style of house, with the cost and manner of building.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

THE NEW "PUNIANA" SERIES OF CHOICE ILLUSTRATED WORKS of HUMOUR.

*Elegantly printed on toned paper, full gilt, gilt edges, for the
Drawing-Room, price 6s. each.*

1. **CAROLS OF COCKAYNE.** By
HENRY S. LEIGH. Vers de Société,
and charming Verses descriptive of
London Life. With numerous exqui-
site little Designs by ALFRED CON-
CANEN and the late JOHN LEECH.
Small 4to, elegant, uniform with "Pun-
iana," 6s.



COUNTRY-HOUSE CHARADES,
for Acting. By Capt. E. C. NUGENT.
With Illustrations by W. R. SNOW.
Small 4to, green and gold, 6s.

*** An entirely new book of Household Amuse-
ments. An Appendix gives the various Songs set to
Music for accompaniment upon the Pianoforte.*

"AN AWFULLY JOLLY BOOK FOR PARTIES."

3. **PUNIANA: Thoughts Wise and Otherwise.** Best
Book of Riddles and Puns ever formed. With nearly 100 exquisitely
fanciful Drawings. Contains nearly 3,000 of the best Riddles and
10,000 most outrageous Puns, and is one of the most Popular Books
ever issued. New Edition, uniform with the "Bab Ballads." Price 6s.

*Why did Du Chaillu get so angry when he was chaffed about the Gorilla?—Why?
we ask.*

*Why is a chrysalis like a hot roll?—You will doubtless remark, "Because it's the
grub that makes the butter fly!" But see "Puniana."*

*Why is a wide-awake hat so called?—Because it never had a nap, and never wants
one.*

The *Saturday Review* says of this most amusing work:—"Enormous burlesque
—unapproachable and pre-eminent. We venture to think that this very queer
volume will be a favourite. It deserves to be so; and we should suggest that,
to a dull person desirous to get credit with the young holiday people, it would
be good policy to invest in the book, and dole it out by instalments."

NEW SOCIETY BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "PUNIANA."



4. **GAMOSAGAMMON;**
or, *Advice to Parties
about to Connubialise.*
By the Hon. HUGH
ROWLEY. With nume-
rous exquisite and fan-
ciful designs from his
pencil. Small 4to, green
and gold, 6s.

*** The Quaintest, Funniest,
most Original Book published
for a long time.*

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

PIERCE EGAN'S "FINISH" TO "LIFE IN AND OUT OF LONDON." Royal 8vo, cloth extra, with SPIRITED COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRUIKSHANK, 21s.

*** An extraordinary picture of "LONDON BY NIGHT" in the Days of George the Fourth. All the strange places of Amusement around Covent Garden and in St. James's are fully described, and very queer places they were too!*

LIFE IN LONDON; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. Crown 8vo. WITH THE WHOLE OF CRUIKSHANK'S VERY DROLL ILLUSTRATIONS, IN COLOURS, AFTER THE ORIGINALS. Cloth extra, 7s. 6d.



TOM AND JERRY TAKING A STROLL.

*** One of the most popular books ever issued. It was an immense favourite with George IV., and as a picture of London life fifty years ago was often quoted by Thackeray, who devotes one of his "Roundabout Papers" to a description of it. Clean Second-hand copies of this work always realize from £1 to £2.*

VYNER'S NOTITIA VENATICA: A Treatise on Fox-Hunting, the General Management of Hounds, and the Diseases of Dogs; Distemper and Rabies; Kennel Lameness, &c. Sixth Edition, Enlarged. By ROBERT C. VYNER, Esq., of Eathorpe Hall, Warwickshire. Royal 8vo. WITH SPIRITED ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOURS, BY ALKEN, OF MEMORABLE FOX-HUNTING SCENES. 21s.

*** An Entirely New Edition of the best work extant upon Fox-Hunting.*

"TOM SMITH."

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE THOMAS ASSHETON SMITH, Esq.; or, The Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman. By SIR JOHN E. EARDLEY WILMOT, Bart. With Illustrations COLOURED and PLAIN. New Edition, uniform with Nimrod's "Chase, Turf, and Road." Price 7s. 6d.

FINE OLD HUNTING BOOKS, with Coloured Plates.

MR. JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACK MYTTON.

ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD.

LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN. By NIMROD.

Apply to Mr. Hotten DIRECT for these books.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND THE GROTESQUE in

Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By THOMAS WRIGET, F.S.A. (Author of "A Caricature History of the Georges.") 4to, profusely illustrated by FAIRHOLT. 21s.

**** A valuable historical, and at the same time most entertaining work. The author's first idea was to call it a "History of Comic Literature and Art in Great Britain." The illustrations are full of interest.*



GEORGE III. WONDERING HOW THE APPLES GOT INSIDE THE DUMPLINGS.

CARICATURE HISTORY OF THE GEORGES (House of Hanover). Very Entertaining Book of 640 pages, with 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures. By T. WRIGHT, F.S.A. 7s. 6d.

**** Companion Volume to "History of Signboards." Reviewed in almost every English journal with the highest approbation.*

"A set of caricatures such as we have in Mr. Wright's volume brings the surface of the age before us with a vividness that no prose writer, even of the highest power, could emulate. Macaulay's most brilliant sentence is weak by the side of the little woodcut from Gillray, which gives us Burke and Fox."—*Saturday Review*.

"A more amusing work of its kind was never issued."—*Art Journal*.

"It is emphatically one of the liveliest of books, as also one of the most interesting. It has the twofold merit of being at once amusing and edifying. The 600 odd pages which make up the goodly volume are doubly enhanced by some 400 illustrations, of which a dozen are full-page ones."—*Morning Post*.

LARGE PAPER EDITION, 4to, only 100 printed, on extra fine paper, wide margins, for the lovers of choice books, with extra Portraits, half morocco (a capital book to illustrate), 30s.

A Companion Table Book to "Leech's Sketches."

MAIDEN HOURS AND MAIDEN WILES. Designed by "BEAUJOLAIS" (CAPTAIN HANS BUSK). A SERIES OF REMARKABLY CLEVER SKETCHES, showing the Occupations of a Fashionable Young Lady at All Hours of the Day. With appropriate Text. Folio, half morocco, blue and gold, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.



A CLEVER AND BRILLIANT BOOK,
Companion to the "*Bon Gaultier Ballads.*"

PUCK ON PEGASUS. By
H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.
In 4to, printed within an India-paper
tone, and elegantly bound, gilt, gilt
edges, price 10s. 6d. only.

*** This most amusing work has already
passed through Five Editions, receiving every-
where the highest praise as "a clever and
brilliant book." To no other work of the
present day have so many distinguished Ar-
tists contributed Illustrations. To the designs
of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, JOHN LEECH,
JULIAN PORTCH, "PHIZ," and other Artists,
Sir NOEL PATON, MILLAIS, JOHN TENNIEL,
RICHARD DOYLE, and M. ELLEN EDWARDS,
have now contributed several exquisite pictures,
thus making the New Edition—which is Twice
the Size of the old one, and contains irresis-
tibly funny pieces—the best book for the
Drawing-room table now published.

AUSTIN'S (Alfred) THE SEASON: A Satire.

Elegantly bound for the Drawing-room, 5s.

*** An entirely New Edition of this famous Work, it having been out of
print seven years.

**SIGNBOARDS: Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous
Taverns and Remarkable Characters.** By JACOB LARWOOD and
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. "A book which will delight all."—
Spectator. Fourth Edition, 580 pp., price 7s. 6d. only.

From the "*Times.*"

"It is not fair
on the part of a
reviewer to pick
out the plums
of an author's
book, thus filch-
ing away his
cream, and leav-
ing little but
skim-milk re-
maining; but,
even if we were
ever so mali-
ciously inclined,



BULL AND MOUTH.

*** Nearly 100 most curious illustrations on wood are given, showing the various
old signs which were formerly hung from taverns and other houses.

From the "*Times.*"

we could not in
the present in-
stance pick out
all Messrs. Lar-
wood and Hot-
ten's plums, be-
cause the good
things are so
numerous as to
defy the most
wholesale depre-
dation."—*Review*
of three columns.

**ROMANCE OF THE ROD: An Anecdotal History of the
Birch, in Ancient and Modern Times.** With some quaint Illustra-
tions. Crown 8vo, handsomely printed. [In preparation.]

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

THE FAMOUS "DOCTOR SYNTAX'S" THREE TOURS.

One of the most amusing and Laughable Books ever published. WITH THE WHOLE OF ROWLANDSON'S VERY DROLL FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS, IN COLOURS, AFTER THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS. Comprising the well-known TOURS—

1. In Search of the Picturesque.
2. In Search of Consolation.
3. In Search of a Wife.

The Three Series Complete and Unabridged in One Handsome Volume with a Life of this industrious Author—the English Le Sage—now first written by JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. This Edition contains the whole of the original, hitherto sold for 3rs. 6d., now published at 7s. 6d. only.

UNIFORM WITH "WONDERFUL CHARACTERS."

REMARKABLE TRIALS AND NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS.

From "Half-Hanged Smith," 1700, to Oxford who shot at the Queen, 1840. By CAPTAIN L. BENSON. With spirited full-page Engravings by PHIZ. 8vo, 550 pages, 7s. 6d.



* * A Complete Library of Sensation Literature! There are plots enough here to produce a hundred "exciting" Novels, and at least five hundred "powerful" Magazine Stories. The book will be appreciated by all readers whose taste lies in this direction. Phiz's pictures are fully equal to those in "Master Humphrey's Clock."

A Keepsake for Smokers.

"THE SMOKER'S TEXT-BOOK." By J. HAMER, F.R.S.L.

Exquisitely printed from "silver-faced" type, cloth, very neat, gilt edges, 2s. 6d., post free.

"A pipe is a great comforter, a pleasant soother. The man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan."
—*Bulwer*.

"A tiny volume, dedicated to the votaries of the weed; beautifully printed on toned paper, in, we believe, the smallest type ever made (cast especially for show at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park), but very clear, notwithstanding its minuteness. . . . The pages sing, in various styles, the praises of tobacco. Amongst the writers laid under contribution are Bulwer, Kingsley, Charles Lamb, Thackeray, Isaac Browne, Cowper, and Byron."
—*The Field*.

19

THE TRUE CONSOLER.

HE who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. "What, softer than woman?" whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale the weed in that, Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter! try the weed.
BULWER'S "What wilt he do with it?"

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

ORIGINAL EDITION OF BLAKE'S WORKS.

NOTICE.—Mr. HOTTEN has prepared a few Facsimile Copies (*exact as to paper and printing—the water-colour drawings being filled in by an artist*) of the ORIGINAL EDITION OF BLAKE'S "MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL." 4to, price 3os., half morocco.

"Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man he is, if he still be living. He is the Blake whose wild designs accompany a splendid edition of 'Blair's Grave.' He paints in water-colours marvellous strange pictures—visions of his brain—which he asserts he has seen. They have great merit. I must look upon him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age."—CHARLES LAMB.

EMERSON. *The Uncollected Writings, Essays, and Lectures of RALPH WALDO EMERSON.* With Introductory Preface by MONCURE CONWAY. 2 vols., 8vo. By Arrangement with Mr. EMERSON.

INFELICIA. *Poems by Adah Isaacs Menken.* With NUMEROUS GRACEFUL DESIGNS ON WOOD. Dedicated, by permission, to CHARLES DICKENS, with Photographic Facsimile of his Letter, and a Portrait of the Authoress. In green and gold, 5s. 6d.

"A pathetic little volume exquisitely got up."—*Sun*.

"Few, if any, could have guessed the power and beauty of the thoughts that possessed her soul, and found expression in language at once pure and melodious."—*Press*.

"There is a passionate richness about many of the poems which is almost startling."—*Sunday Times*.

"What can we say of this gifted and wayward woman, the existence



of whose better nature will be suggested for the first time to many by the posthumous disclosure of this book? We do not envy the man who, reading it, has only a sneer or its writer; nor the woman who finds it in her heart to turn away with averted face."—*New York Round Table*.

"An amusing little book, unhappily posthumous, which a distinguished woman has left as a legacy to mankind and the age."—*Saturday Review*.

Fcap. 8vo, 450 pages, with fine Portrait and Autograph, 7s. 6d.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS. (*Leaves of Grass, Drum-Taps, &c.*) Selected and Edited by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

"Whitman is a poet who bears and needs to be read as a whole, and then the volume and torrent of his power carry the disfigurements along with it and away. He is really a fine fellow."—*Chambers's Journal*, in a very long notice.

THE EARTHWARD PILGRIMAGE. By MONCURE CONWAY.

Cr. 8vo, 400 pages, cloth, neat, 7s. 6d.

"* * This volume has excited considerable discussion, as it advances many entirely new views upon the life hereafter. The titles to some of the chapters will convey an idea of the contents of the work:—"How I left the world to come for that which is."

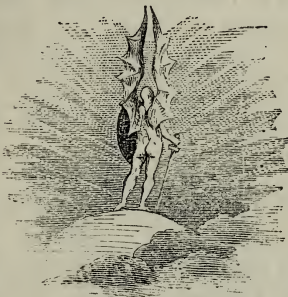
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

MR. SWINBURNE'S ESSAY.

* * "A wonderful literary performance."—"Splendour of style and majestic beauty of diction never surpassed."

WILLIAM BLAKE: A Critical Essay. With facsimile Paintings, Coloured by Hand, from the Original Drawings painted by Blake and his Wife. Thick 8vo, pp. 350, 16s.



"An extraordinary work: violent, extravagant, perverse, calculated to startle, to shock, and to alarm many readers, but abounding in beauty, and characterized by intellectual grasp. . .

. . . His power of word-painting is often truly wonderful—sometimes, it must be admitted, in excess, but always full of matter, form, and colour, and

instinct with a sense of vitality."—*Daily News*, Feb. 12, 1868.

"It is in every way worthy of Mr. Swinburne's high fame. In no prose work can be found passages of keener poetry, or more finished grace, or more impressive harmony. Strong, vigorous, and musical, the style sweeps on like a river."—*The Sunday Times*, Jan. 12, 1868.

MR. SWINBURNE'S SONG OF ITALY. Fcap. 8vo, toned paper, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

* * The *Athenæum* remarks of this poem—"Seldom has such a chant been heard, so full of glow, strength, and colour."

MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS AND BALLADS. FOURTH EDITION. Price 9s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NOTES ON HIS POEMS, and on the Reviews which have appeared upon them. Price 1s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S ATALANTA IN CALYDON. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, price 6s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S CHASTELARD. A Tragedy. New Edition. Price 7s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S QUEEN MOTHER AND ROSAMOND. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, price 5s.

MR. SWINBURNE'S BOTHWELL. A New Poem.

[In preparation.]

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very important New Books.

**** Mr. HOTTEN is enabled to afford most material and important assistance to all interested in Genealogical Inquiries, difficult Pedigree Researches, or in the compilation of Family Histories. He has the following*

FAMILY HISTORIES FOR SALE:—

- FORSTER and FOSTER FAMILIES. 4to. Illustrations, 31s. 6d.
BAIRD FAMILY. Royal 8vo. Facsimiles. 10s. 6d.
CHICHESTER and RALEIGH FAMILIES. 4to. Illustrations, 21s. ;
with Arms emblazoned, 31s. 6d.
MILLAIS FAMILY. With Etchings by Millais. 28s.
WASHINGTON FAMILY. Preparing.
COLE FAMILY.
STUART FAMILY. 8vo, half morocco. 8s. 6d.
CHICHELE FAMILY. (Contains Pedigrees of many other Families.)
4to. 17s. 6d.

ROLL OF CAERLAVEROCK, with the Arms of the Knights
and others present at the Siege of the Castle in Scotland, A.D. 1300.
Emblazoned in Gold and Colours, 4to, 12s.

MAGNA CHARTA. EXACT FACSIMILE of the Original Document in the British Museum. With ARMS AND SEALS OF THE BARONS EMBLAZONED IN GOLD AND COLOURS. A.D. 1215. 5s.

**** Copied by express permission, and the only correct drawing of the Great Charter ever taken. A full translation, with notes, price 6d. The Charter framed and glazed in carved oak, 22s. 6d.*

ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY: A List of the Normans who
came over with William the Conqueror, and settled in this Country,
A.D. 1066-67. WITH ARMS OF THE BARONS EMBLAZONED IN GOLD AND COLOURS. Price 5s.

**** A most curious document, and of the greatest interest to all of Norman descent. Framed and glazed in carved oak, 22s. 6d.*

WARRANT TO EXECUTE CHARLES I. Exact Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures of Regicides, and Seals. Price 2s. ; by post, 2s. 4d.

**** Very curious, and copied by express permission. In carved oak and glazed, 14s. 6d.*

WARRANT TO EXECUTE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Exact Facsimile, with Signature of Queen Elizabeth, and Great Seal of England. Price 2s. ; by post, 2s. 4d.

**** Very curious, and copied by express permission. In carved oak and glazed, 14s. 6d.*

Very Important New Books.

Original Edition of the Famous JOE MILLER'S JESTS; the politest Repartees, most elegant Bon-Mots, and most pleasing short Stories in the English Language. London: printed by T. Read, 1739. Remarkable facsimile. 8vo, half morocco, price 9s. 6d.
**** ONLY A VERY FEW COPIES OF THIS HUMOROUS AND RACY OLD BOOK HAVE BEEN REPRODUCED.**

HISTORY OF PLAYING CARDS. With Sixty curious Illustrations, 550 pp., price 7s. 6d.

"A highly interesting volume."—*Morning Post*.

ANECDOTES, ANCIENT
AND MODERN GAMES,
CONJURING, FORTUNE-
TELLING AND CARD-
SHARPING, SKILL AND
SLEIGHT OF HAND,
GAMBLING AND CAL-
CULATION, CARTOMANCY



AND CHEATING, OLD
GAMES AND GAMING-
HOUSES, CARD REVELS
AND BLIND HOOKEY,
PICQUET AND VINGT-
ET-UN, WHIST AND
CRIBBAGE, OLD-FASH-
IONED TRICKS.

SLANG DICTIONARY; or, The Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and "Fast" Expressions of High and Low Society; many with their Etymology, and a few with their History traced. WITH CURIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS. A New Dictionary of Colloquial English. Pp. 328, in 8vo, price 6s. 6d.

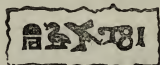


See TWO UPON TEN, in the Dictionary, p. 264.

"It may be doubted if there exists a more amusing volume in the English language."—*Speculator*.

"Valuable as a work of reference."—*Saturday Review*.

"All classes of society will find amusement and instruction in its pages."—*Times*.



Egyptian Hieroglyphic verb, to be drunk, showing the amputation of a man's leg. See under BREAKY LEG (viz. Strong Drink) in the Dictionary, p. 81.

CAPTAIN GROSE'S DICTIONARY of the VULGAR TONGUE, 1785. A genuine unmutilated Reprint of the First Edition. Price 8s.

**** Only a small number of copies of this very vulgar, but very curious, book have been printed for the Collectors of "Street Words" and Colloquialisms, on fine toned paper, half-bound morocco, gilt top.**

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Very Important New Books.

Hotten's "Golden Library"

OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

*** A charming collection of Standard and Favourite Works, elegantly printed in Handy Volumes, uniform with the Tauchnitz Series, and published at exceedingly low prices. The New Volumes are—*

ROCHEFOUCAULD.—*Reflections and Moral Maxims.* 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. Essay by **SAINTE-BEUVE.**

SHELLEY.—*Poetical Works.* From the Author's Original Editions. First Series, **QUEEN MAB** and **EARLY POEMS.** 1s. 8d.; in cloth, 2s. 2d.

HOLMES.—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE CLERGY.—*The Book of Clerical Anecdotes and Pulpit Eccentricities.* 1s. 4d.; cloth, 1s. 10d.

CHARLES LAMB.—*The Essays of Elia.* Complete. Both Series. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

DICKENS.—*Life.* By the Author of the "Life of Thackeray." 2s.

DICKENS.—*Speeches upon Literary and Social Topics.* 2s.

"His Speeches are as good as any of his printed writings."—*The Times.*

ARTEMUS WARD.—*In London;* with the "PUNCH" Letters. 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

TENNYSON.—*Old Prose Stories of Idylls of the King.* 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

DISRAELI'S, GLADSTONE'S, AND BRIGHT'S SPEECHES
in separate vols., at 1s. 4d.; cloth, 1s. 10d.

Comprise all the Important Speeches of these Statesmen during the past 25 years.

CARLYLE.—*On the Choice of Books.* 1s.; cl. 1s. 6d.
Should be read and re-read by every young man in the three kingdoms.

HOLMES.—*Professor at the Breakfast Table.* 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

LEIGH HUNT.—*Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Essays.* 1s. 4d.; cloth, 1s. 10d.

HOOD.—*Whims and Oddities.* 80 Illustrations. 2 Series, Complete. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

LELAND.—*Hans Breitmann's Ballads,* Complete. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.



Protection
from
Fire.

DRYANT & MAY'S
A TENT MATCHES
MA TCHES

LIGHT
only on the
BOX.



WHELPTON'S



Are warranted not to contain a single particle
MERCURY, or any other **MINERAL SUBSTANCE**
but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matter
PURELY VEGETABLE.

During the last thirty-seven years they have
proved their value in thousands of instances
Diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver
and Kidneys; and in all Skin Complaints
are one of the

BEST MEDICINES KNOWN.

Sold in Boxes, price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each
by **G. WHELPTON & SON**, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street
London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors
Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 Stamps; and can
be obtained of all Wholesale Houses in London, Liverpool,
Manchester, Birmingham, York, Hull, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, &c., &c., also in the British
Colonies and abroad.

